

June, 1936

The Liguorian



In This Issue

World Without God	- - -	C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.
Story By a Doctor	- - - - -	E. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.
Romance of Ozanam	- - - - -	A. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.
Etchings From Life	- - - - -	D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.
Three Minute Instruction	- - - - -	
Attention, June Brides	- - -	H. S. Smith, C.Ss.R.
Quadragesimo Anno	- - -	R. J. Miller, C.Ss.R.
Gathered at Dawn	- - - - -	P. J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.
A Rose in Green Pastures	- -	D. J. Corrigan, C.Ss.R.
In Every Tree, Poem	- - - -	W. C. Treanor, C.Ss.R.

Catholic Anecdotes - Book Reviews

Lucid Intervals - Catholic Events - Liguoriana

Pointed Paragraphs: Heart Speaketh Unto Heart

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REDEMPTORIST FATHERS
Box A, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin

Per Year \$1.00

Canada and Foreign \$1.25

Single Copies 10c

AMONGST OURSELVES

Illuminating note on the state of the Catholic nation in reference to the Catholic Press: Of about 1000 Notre Dame alumni who answered a questionnaire concerning religious practices, 430 admitted that they subscribed to no Catholic magazine, 472 that they took no Catholic newspaper. . . . That makes about 50 per cent of a corps of graduates of an outstanding Catholic university . . . men "trained to think along Catholic lines" . . . men hand picked and hand trained for Catholic Action. . . . If it be so in the green wood, what of the dry?

* * *

New reader in a large city says he likes THE LIGUORIAN because it leaves other magazines to the news field and devotes its space to Catholic teaching and reading matter . . . because it is fighting the cause of justice and fairplay in business with the common man (through the Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno" and other features) . . . because it has a wide variety of material. . . . And backs up his comment by sending in 10 new subscriptions gained by talking the magazine over with other people. . . . Clerical reader writes enthusiastically that THE LIGUORIAN represents the best in Catholic magazines. . . . School-teacher finds so much to use in the class room for anecdotes and illustrations that she is waiting and praying for the 100 page issues. . . . And so to print with another issue, hoping it finds you all the same. . . .

* * *

The short article on "An Economic Problem" last month created a rush of favorable comment. . . . A clear cut issue was faced and decided in a clear cut way, unimpeded by political expediency or self-interested pleading. . . . More of these economic problems will be presented in the future.

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The Liguorian

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One Dollar per Year

(Canada and Foreign, \$1.25)

Entered as second-class matter August 29th, 1913, at the Post Office at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918.

Published with ecclesiastical approval.



THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXIV.

JUNE, 1936

No. 6

IN EVERY TREE

My faith can find in ev'ry tree
The tragic tale of Calvary.

The birch that curtsies to the breeze
Bespeaks Christ's grace and gentle ease;

The olives old and ashen grey
Reveal Him stricken with dismay;

Frail aspens trembling in moonlight
Declare Him weak for all His might;

The oaks that o'er their fellows tower
Are emblematic of His power;

Tree boughs that raise their hands on high
Are symbols of His soul's strong cry:

"Father, Thy will be done, not mine,"
The plea He filled with love divine.

Blessed be God for all His trees
And what in them my poor soul sees.

—W. Conley Treanor, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

WORLD WITHOUT GOD

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

NOBODY could say with certainty what Ernest Vailes believed or did not believe; he really did not know himself. He was far too wholesome and clear-minded to fancy the degradation and mental chaos of a world without belief in God, and he was too well-informed to ignore the fact that, in all ages, thousands of wiser men than he had held firmly to this belief. Therefore whenever he took the attitude of an atheist, it was more to shock Elveda and to get a rise out of Father Casey than for anything else.

Never for a moment did the thought strike him that it is infinitely bad form for the creature to deny, even in jest, the existence of his Creator. Like many of his kind, this young man, so faultless in human etiquette, had never given any attention to supernatural good manners.

"Now I will tell you a story you will never believe," the priest announced.

"Children, big or little, are always keen for a story," returned Vailes.

"Once upon a time a train-load of Ford parts, on its way to the assembly plant, left the rails and went over a forty-foot embankment. And what do you suppose happened? Every crate in that train-load was neatly broken open, every part thrown against its companion part, every bolt fell into its hole, and every nut struck its proper bolt, and one hundred and sixty-three new Fords stood there ready to take the road. Marvelous! you will say, but it was all the effect of blind chance."

"Now tell us another," said the young man.

"I'll do that very thing. Once upon a time a man, by the name of Mike, who was janitor in a church, by the name of St. Mary's, took a spade and, in his spare time, dug up a bit of ground and mixed it with fertilizer and planted a rose shoot. And it happened that tiny particles from the earth and the fertilizer came up through the roots and tiny particles from the air and the sunlight came in through the leaves and

all these particles happened to get together in different combinations to make that plant get bigger and bigger and to make part of it develop into a brown stock and part into green leaves and part into that gorgeous red flower which you see in the vase before you. Marvelous! But it was all the effect of blind chance."

The young man laughed. "Oh, yes, I know you mean that I am an ass for rejecting God, the Manager of the universe, and for believing that the plants and the animals and the earth and the stars evolve and develop and continue their marvelous activity by blind chance. But I hold nothing of the kind. I hold this is due, not to chance, but to law — nature's law."

The priest's answer to that was another story. "The good ship foundered on the reefs of an island in the Southern Seas. The crew of fifty safely reached the land where no human foot had ever trod before. And what do you suppose they found on that uninhabited island? A code of laws — more perfect than the constitution and statutes of any country that ever existed."

"I'll bite," said Vailes, "what am I supposed to ask?"

"Any stupid question that comes to your head. It cannot possibly be more stupid than my story."

"O K. Who made those laws?"

"Nobody — just nature. Nature had determined just how the executive, legislative, and judicial power were to be distributed, how banking and commerce was to be managed, when elections should be held and in fact, everything down to the last minute detail. Now, Elveda, it's your turn."

"Where did they find those laws? Chiselled on the face of a rock or what?"

"They weren't chiselled on anything — written on anything. They were just there."

"But where?"

"The same place as nature's laws that Ernest was talking about."

"Then how did the people get to know them?"

"In the same way that the dirt out in my back yard gets to know a law, that nobody ever made, that doesn't exist anywhere, by which it turns itself into a rose. — But enough of this nonsense. Our common sense tells us that laws for human government cannot begin to exist unless *somebody* with intelligence *makes* them, that they cannot con-

tinue to exist unless somebody with intelligence continues to know them. So neither can the laws that guide the earth and the stars begin to be unless somebody with intelligence makes them nor can they continue to guide the earth and the stars unless somebody with intelligence continues to apply them. That Somebody is the Person we call God. Call them nature's laws, if you please. It is only another way of saying God's laws."

While Ernest and Elveda were distracted watching, through the glass door, how Molly, the housekeeper, got rid of a book agent, Father Casey quietly pushed a book off the table.

"What made that book fall to the floor?" he demanded.

"Oh, pardon," — Vailes quickly retrieved it — "one of us accidentally pushed it."

"How do you know *somebody* pushed it?" the priest asked. "Maybe another *book* pushed it."

"Well, somebody pushed that book — which is the same thing."

"No, maybe it was another book that pushed that book and another book that —"

"I don't care if there were a hundred thousand books, each pushing the other, somebody had to push the first one."

"Say, Mr. Vailes, you are a wonder." Father Casey stopped and gazed at him in mock admiration. "You have a beautifully logical mind. Even all your years at the university have not dulled its keenness. Why, do you know, if you were to repeat those words of wisdom to your own professors they would be — be — be flabbergasted."

"What are you talking about, Father? I didn't say anything."

"Why, my dear fellow, you said one of the most logical things I ever heard from the lips of a university man. You said something which your professors, with all their learning and all their research, have never been able to figure out. They say the cow moves because the grass makes her move (that is, the chemical properties in the grass she has eaten) and the grass moves (stores up those chemical properties) because the earth moves it and the earth moves because the sun moves *it* and the sun moves it because nebulae or something moves it and the nebulae move because something made them hot and something made them hot because — and so on and so on. Now, here you come and, with one blinding flash of your brilliant intellect, proclaim that you don't give a rap how many million suns and earths and nebulae and forces and en-

ergies pushed one another, there had to be *somebody* to give the first push or there could never have been any pushing at all."

"I was not talking about suns, I was talking about books."

"Books or suns, the principle is exactly the same. You look about you and you see things pushing one another. Common sense tells you that somebody must have given the first push. That somebody must be self-pushing, dependent on nobody else for its movement. That self-moving, self-sufficient, self-energizing somebody, powerful enough to give the irresistible push which keeps everything in the universe moving for countless ages — that Somebody is the Person we call God. Tell your professors that. That one thought contains more solid wisdom than all the books they have ever written or ever read."

"Father Casey, I'll delegate you to do the telling."

"And then you might add the story of the chicken and the egg."

"Oh, the old gag about which was first — is that what you mean?"

"You remember you had an egg for breakfast. Therefore you know there must be a God. That egg could not exist unless there had been a chicken to lay it. The chicken could not exist unless there had been an egg to hatch it out. That egg could not exist unless there had been another chicken and so on. And no matter how far back you go, no matter how many kinds of evolution you excogitate, you still have the same problem you had this morning at breakfast. Nothing can operate before it exists. Nothing can make itself, for that would be supposing the absurdity of its doing something before it had begun to be. Having a logical mind — or what, in everyday language, is called common sense — you cannot be satisfied until you come to a cause which is not the effect of any other cause, a cause which is eternal, all-powerful. This eternal, all-powerful First Cause is the Person we call God."

The furtive glance Vailes shot at his wrist watch did not escape the priest — neither did it embarrass him. "Fine watch you have there," he commented. "Could you, now — concentrate, this is a deep philosophical question I am proposing — could you conceive of that watch not existing?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Then it does not exist necessarily. It is a contingent, a dependent being?"

"Yes."

"Could you conceive of this world not existing?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"And so also you could conceive of the sun and the stars and all things as not existing. They do not exist necessarily. They are contingent, dependent beings. But, at least for the moment, they *do* exist. Therefore there must be some being which exists necessarily, which is not contingent, dependent, which determines contingent beings to exist. You simply cannot conceive of this being not existing, otherwise nothing else ever would or could exist. This necessary, independent, self-sufficient Being is the Person we call God."

"Ah, now I see what you have been trying to do all along — simply make me review the proofs for the existence of God listed in that book you lent me last week."

"Exactly. You see *laws* in nature, therefore there must be supreme Lawgiver. You see *motion*, therefore there must be a self-moving Prime Mover. You see *cause and effect*, therefore there must be a First Cause which is nobody's effect. You see *contingent* beings, therefore there must be a Necessary Being. These are called the metaphysical proofs for the existence of God. They are so cogent that any honest, unprejudiced mind which has the courage, patience, and perseverance to penetrate them to their profound depths, must, by the sheer force of logic, admit the existence of God."

"Then why don't you preach them from the house tops and convert all such minds to belief in the existence of God?"

"Because all such minds already believe."

"Well, preach them to the others. Give them the benefit of your metaphysical arguments."

"What the others need are not metaphysical arguments but a change of heart. So long as their pride or their lust or their greed makes the existence of God an uncomfortable consideration, they are not capable of weighing and evaluating an argument in the light of clear cold reason," said Father Casey.

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Pius X thus described Catholic Action: "True Catholic Action, as We want it to be, and as We have repeatedly defined it, is the participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy, for the defence of religious and moral principles, for the *development of a healthy, helpful social action* under the guidance of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, beyond and above political parties, with the intent to restore Catholic life in the family and in society."

STORY BY A DOCTOR

ALL QUIET ON THE ROMANTIC FRONT

E. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

WHEN I became a Catholic, much to the merriment of my medical colleagues who had always looked on me as a hardheaded skeptic and unbeliever, there were many things that I had to learn, and some, indeed, that I had to unlearn. The existence of the soul with all its implications in every-day life is one example. To be frank and open with you, during thirty odd years of curing and cutting, I had secretly searched for the soul, hunted it up and down the human body as one might hunt for gold in a mountainside. No fibre had I left unturned, no tissue unexplored. And yet, in spite of all this probing and prodding, never once did I find so much as a trace of a soul lurking behind a liver, or clinging to an appendix, or even forming the basis for a brain. What could I do but conclude there was no such phenomenon, and drop the matter from my list of interests.

But all that is changed now, since I've become a Catholic, and all I need do is raise my eyes and find that everything proves it. The stars, the stork, the wracked and tortured body, the breath of life and the sting of death — everything proves it. And my tendency has become to test my new belief in the laboratory of experience, the daily experience of a small time doctor. What I mean is this. For some strange reason, I cannot treat a person any longer, whether it be for corns or cancer, I cannot even meet a person any longer, whether it be in church or on the street, without finding myself measuring him for the spiritual suit that fits his soul — indifference to pain, fear of eternity, fidelity to duty, self-sacrifice. Marion Selinsky is a case in hand.

Five years ago today the door of my office opened, and there stepped across the threshold, for my humility and my betterment, the most gorgeous creature I had ever seen. Gorgeous is the word I used, and by that I mean so great a prodigality of beauty in face and figure that only gods on Mt. Olympus could have drawn up the design. When I remind you that even this old heart beat faster, and this old tongue refused to

do its duty, you will understand what I am trying to describe. In fact it was as though an angel had packed away under his wing the sun, flew down to earth, and set it up in all its brilliance amidst the cobwebs in the corner. The unkempt office was transfigured. The pictures hanging a bit askew on the walls looked down and marveled. The books and bottles, papers and prescriptions piled high in magnificent disarray on the roll-top desk took one glance and quickly pulled up about them the veils of dust as if to hide. Even the old clock clucked on a little faster and a little louder. At least so it seemed.

This may all sound very foolish, coming as it does from one who has left romance far behind in his relentless march on germs, and who has no more poetry in his bones than "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and "The Baggage Car Ahead." It was foolish to start with, and I found myself digging around for a way to make a graceful recovery from my open-mouthed amazement when suddenly something happened. She began to weep — not the tears of a child whose toy has been broken or whose toe has been stubbed, but the tears of a woman, whose hopes have been blasted and whose dreams have been destroyed. Large tears, oceans of tears. Tragedy stood beside her and stroked her brow, and I would have given all my meagre medical knowledge to fell it with a blow and carry it to the morgue across the street. I pulled up my chair close and said.

"The best way to get rid of trouble is to tell someone about it. It relieves the weight and lightens the burden. You're in trouble, I know it, though of head or heart I don't know. But first of all, you'd better tell me your name."

"Marion Selinsky," came the muffled answer.

"Glad to know you, Marion. You know my name from the fact that you're here and from the shingle darkening my door above the street, and so we're acquainted. Now out with whatever is bothering you."

"Call John," came the muffled answer again. The story of tears continued. She had no handkerchief with her, and mine was not quite presentable. I relieved the situation by supplying her with a piece of gauze from the desk.

"Call John?" I asked. "John who? And where am I to find him? And what am I to do with him when I get him?"

"John Noonan," she answered. "Prospect 6694. Tell him to come here to your office at once."

THE LIGUORIAN

It didn't make sense, none of it. But I had to do it. So I called John and told him to race over here as fast as wheels could carry him. He promised. Then I hung up the receiver and turned to Marion for further orders. Instead of orders, she told me the story of her life, or at least, a part of it. What she didn't tell, I supplied. I won't say it reads like a novel. That is trite, and not exactly true. But it afforded me another proof for that thing I once didn't believe in at all; and insofar as it did, I found it interesting. Here it is. See if you can match it.

* * *

Marion Selinsky lived in a boarding house on 4th Street at the other end of town where train whistles are the peoples' music and smoke their sky. It's a lowly district, filled with memories of the past — towering, granite mansions the glory of the town some sixty years ago, but now grimy and dirty, and crumbling into the dust of the untidy streets that surround them. Her aunt was proprietor of the house, and Marion, whose parents had died while she was yet an infant, paid for her board and lodging by looking after the daily chores that are so multiple a part of such an institution. Not far distant from her home was the Church of St. Agnes, and each morning saw Marion with the sun emerge from the east and begin her journey westward, up Castleman Avenue and down Pine Street, and finally disappear behind the great portals of the church to begin the day right by hearing Mass. But the sacrifice in the morning was only the beginning of countless little sacrifices during the rest of the day, made here and there and everywhere, unobtrusively and unknown except to Tommy Hawkins who got that quarter to see the movies, and to Mrs. Fitzpatrick who somehow or other found those two dollars to pay the gas bill, and to Mr. Waliewski and to Bill Roberts and to old man Savage and to a score of others, all of whom received something that had not in it the sting of charity from this girl who was beautiful enough to be a movie star, and yet who like a ray of sunshine spent her beauty on those about her and thereby warmed and made bright their lives.

I am not exaggerating when I tell you that she was made of a material, spiritually, and physically, not found even in the better haunts that I am wont to frequent with my little bag. There was character about her, moral backbone, principle — wrapped about her like the armor of Joan of Arc, and setting her apart from her companions as

THE LIGURIAN

a leader and yet as one who could be the confidante of all. Some might call her proud, and her aloofness would bear them out. But such a judgment would be false. That aloofness was merely the aroma of her character, a kind of precious frailty, which was nothing other than her unsullied purity that set her upon a pedestal far above the rest; or still better, that made her a queen upon a throne. She walked like a queen, talked like a queen, and was treated like a queen. And yet withal, she was as simple as a flower of the field. In the athletics of her neighborhood, in the dramatic efforts of her parish, in the parties and games that seem so essential to the young, she took her part, which was always a leading part. No one was quicker to laughter, or slower to anger. No one was more popular and at the same time, more respected.

From all this you may conclude that she was a superior person indeed, one that could fit properly only in a convent. But again you are mistaken. She had no inclination to become a nun. In fact there clung to her as so many appended shadows, a score of boys, young and old, thin and fat, rich and poor. But somehow or other, there was not one of them that she could think of even by the greatest stretch of the imagination in terms of married life. She would accompany them here and there for a month or two, then all of a sudden, refuse to see them, and drop them as though they were made of fire. She was the kind that would love once. But then she would love with all the power and force of her great personality, from the depths of her deep character, unto death.

Have you ever noticed how things we dream of as ideal, and yet which seem impossible ever to be realized as realities sometimes do become a solid and substantial part of life? There was this girl, so lavishly endowed by nature and by grace, toiling away in a cheap boarding house, making beds, dusting furniture, cooking meals, destined, as it were, to walk in life alone, "to waste her sweetness on the desert air," as once I learned in college. And suddenly the young man came along to fill her heart and edge with gold what was already golden.

He had been living at the boarding house three weeks before she found out his name. But one morning he rounded a corner too rapidly in the lower corridor, and before he was well aware of it, had sent a girl sprawling on the floor.

"I say, I say," he cried out, "this is too bad, really. I'm sorry. Didn't see you at all. Are you all right?"

THE LIGURIAN

"Perfectly," gasped Marion as she struggled to her feet. "Perfectly all right. It was my fault as well as yours. I should have watched where I was going." She looked up and saw a young man before her, tall and handsome, trim as a sailor, with eyes and lips ever ready to break into a smile, but which in some inscrutable way, were tinged with sadness.

"My name is John Noonan," he said. "I know yours, so don't bother. But really, I feel terribly guilty, and know I ought to make amends. But how? I know. Come up to my room, and we'll arrange the damages."

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I must get to work right now. Look at all I have to do." She swept the house with a gesture. "I must go."

"Just a few minutes," he pleaded, and that look of sadness, wistfulness was accentuated in his eyes. "You know, it isn't often that I have the opportunity of talking to beautiful young women. In fact I am starving for beauty of any kind. It's the very thing I crave. Beautiful pictures, beautiful churches, beautiful music. It's my life, and yet I must go without it. Won't you come and talk with me for just a few minutes?"

They ascended the steps, two flights, and entered the room. For Marion, though she did not know it then, it was the entrance into a new world. It was the beginning of a new epoch or era in her life. At that particular moment her interest in him was no more than professional, the desire to treat the tenants of her house well; and charitable, the desire to do a good turn for anyone who stood in need of it. She chatted with him for a short while, learned that he was a lawyer just graduated, that he was without a cent except a few dollars to pay for three or four weeks board, then departed.

I say, her interest at that first meeting was merely professional and charitable. But as the days sped by, it slowly but surely changed; it took on more and more the aspect of a true and solid friendship—no more than that of course, but a friendship that brought the flush of delight to her cheeks when he would seat himself in the kitchen to talk to her, and the light of joy to her eyes when he would don an apron after the evening meal to help her do the dishes. She did not want him there, but she could not resist the happiness that she felt when he was.

"You know, Marion," he said on one such occasion, "you are too

beautiful to be wasting your life here in a boarding house. You could go to Hollywood and make a fortune. Why don't you do it?"

"What would I do with a fortune?" she answered. "I'm happy here, and I might not be happy out there. And I'm keeping the Faith here, and most likely I'd lose it out there. What more do I want?"

"There's something in what you say," he responded meditatively. "If a person has happiness, he had better hang onto it. If he lets it slip, it may not come back. But the question is, how do you get happiness? I haven't got it."

"You get it by living up to your religion. That's one way. And that is exactly what you are not doing. You told me the other day you were a Catholic. But I never saw you go to church. Why don't you?"

"Because I can't, that's why. Oh, I would if I could." Again the sadness came into his eyes. "In fact, the beauty of the Church, aside from the religious part, always captivated me, and still captivates me. But I can't."

"And why not?" She was indignant. "Why not? Aren't you man enough to do what you are supposed to do even if it is hard? Don't think I find it easy at all times to be a Catholic. I could have been married a dozen times, to money too, and to good men, though non-Catholics, if I didn't care for my Faith. Why can't you do the same?"

"Oh, there's something I can't tell you now. Someday I will, but not now. I hope you will understand Marion."

"Well, if that's the case, I don't want to have anything more to do with you. I can't stand a coward."

But she did have something more to do with him, not accepting any engagements, but meeting him in the kitchen, in the dining room, in the corridor. He was the one that really carried on the campaign, following her wherever she went, and "planting himself down" at her side. It seemed a shame that there should be something separating them, for they were made for one another. They had like tastes, similar views on life, the same largeness of charity and expansiveness of heart. Yes, it seemed a shame, or the friendship that started so inauspiciously was now growing into something grander, something far more beautiful. Marion knew it and she was afraid — not of the pain and sorrow that eventually it must cost her, but of her own weakness, her own lack of strength to refuse him were he to ask her to marry him. She redoubled

her fervor, tried to hear Mass more devoutly, prayed unceasingly that the obstacle standing in the way of John's practicing his religion might be removed.

And then came the blow. A car drove up to the house, and two policemen stepped out of it. They rang the door bell, and when Marion appeared, asked for John Noonan.

"But why do you want him?" she asked.

"Just a little matter of robbery. Isn't that enough?"

"Robbery!" she cried. "Has John robbed somebody?"

"The small sum of \$500," was the response. "And we have a warrant here for his arrest. Is he around? We were tipped off that he was hiding out in this house."

Hurriedly she left the room, her heart beating as though it would burst. "Robbery" she kept repeating to herself. "So I have fallen in love with a robber." There was no use trying to deceive herself any longer. She knew at last. Criminal or no criminal, she loved him. She loved him with all the ardor of her soul, and she would gladly die for him, if only she could save him from disgrace. It needed only this misfortune to make her feelings clear. And yet, she must give him up. "Oh, God, help me to be strong." Yes, she must give him up, unless, unless ——

"Why, what's the matter, Marion," John cried, as she burst into his room. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, John, there are two policemen for you downstairs. Tell me it isn't true. Please, tell me you never did it."

His face went white, and he tottered as if to fall. Sinking to a chair, and burying his face in his hands, he said:

"So they've caught up with me at last, have they? Well, I deserve it. I've been waiting for it every day. Where are they?" He arose to go.

"So you *did* do it, John." The tears were streaming down her face. "But why did you do it? You are not the one to rob or hurt anybody. Why did you do it?"

For the first time, he looked at her, saw the tears, understood their meaning. He put his arms about her, and there was infinite tenderness in his voice.

"Listen, Marion. Do you know why I stole that money? My father was dying. He needed an operation and we had no money to pay for it. I was so crazed from anxiety and loss of sleep that I didn't know what I

was doing. I stole that money to save his life. That's why I don't go to church. And now I'm getting my punishment. Oh, not jail. I'm not afraid of that. But you. It is your love that means all the world to me. And now I have to give it up — can't accept it." He withdrew his arms, and there were tears in his eyes. Again he started for the door, but Marion held him back.

"But won't you come back to the church now that the whole thing will be straightened out?"

"Of course I will," he answered. "I've been a fool for letting anything keep me away so long. It's all I have, now that I have lost you."

"You mean that, John?" She almost danced for joy. "You really mean that? Then you haven't lost me. We'll see this thing out together; and after that —" She did not finish the words. His arms were about her again. And so the policemen found them.

Well, sir, do you know what happened? The court found John Noonan not guilty. Not exactly that. The court placed him on probation. And in whose charge did it place him? In the charge of the one who saved him, who pleaded for him before the judge, who did more towards freeing him than even the lawyer.

Their marriage was to take place the following June.

That's the story that she told me and that I pieced together. They were to be married a week from the day she visited me in my office. Now comes the strange part. She had gone that far in her tale, and I was on the point of interrupting her to ask the reason of the tears when there should have been only smiles and sunshine. But before I could open my mouth the door crashed open, and evidently the man called John rushed in.

"Marion," he cried. "What's wrong?" He kissed her tenderly, but she gently pushed him aside and said.

"John, this is the saddest moment of my life. The day before yesterday, I received news that will destroy all our plans, in fact, make our marriage impossible."

"What?" he asked incredulously, as though he had not heard aright.

"It's nothing that you have done. I love you with all my heart; you are the only one that I have ever loved or will ever love. That's what makes it so hard."

"What is it then? No, don't tell me. I don't care what it is. Nothing can come between us now."

THE LIGURIAN

"But I must tell you, and then you will understand. The day before yesterday an old woman who had known my mother called on me, said she read that I was going to get married, and felt I'd better know the news she had for me. Four generations back, she said, my mother's great great grandmother was a negro. I investigated and found it to be true. Her blood is in my veins, John; and now you see why I cannot marry you. I decided to meet you here in the doctor's office to have someone prove the foolhardiness of our even thinking of getting married."

For a moment the young man was stunned. Then, wildly, almost insanely, he protested that he did not care how much such blood she possessed. He could not, he would not give her up. He appealed to me, asked me to plead with her, to tell her there was no chance of its manifesting itself in the future. I was as stunned as he; but I had to tell the truth — that, though it might never appear, there was always the possibility. Again he turned to her, even got down on his knees before her. But nothing he could say, moved her in the least from her decision.

"It is for the best, John. It is for your happiness." Then kissing him farewell, she quickly departed from the office.

And so ended the romance of Marion Selinsky and John Noonan.

* * *

Now you see why I consider the case of Marion Selinsky a proof for the soul. She gave up the man whom she had saved from disgrace, the only man she had ever loved, for the sake of his happiness, or, in better words, out of charity. She could have kept the whole thing secret. She could have thought only of her own happiness. But no! She made the sacrifice. And supreme self-sacrifice does not germinate in bones or brains or mere flesh that is destined to corrupt, but in something that is as intangible, as unearthly as itself — the soul.

THE SUBSTITUTE

Mr. Wiggs, a statistician, had agreed to give up his golf and stay with the children one Saturday afternoon while Mrs. Wiggs went shopping. On her return he handed her the following statement:

Dried tears — 9 times.

Tied shoes — 13 times.

Toy balloons purchased — 3 per child.

Average life of balloon — 12 seconds.

Cautioned children not to cross street — 21 times.

Children insisted on crossing street — 21 times.

Number of Saturdays Father will do this again — 0 times.

Three Minute Instruction

ON MAKING A RETREAT

During the summer months the laity will be given numerous opportunities for making retreats. A large number, a number that grows every year, will make use of the opportunities, but others — many others there are, who are "inhibited" or "complexed" about the whole idea. Let them consider the following reasons for making a retreat:

1. Since your days at school when you studied the catechism, you have had little chance of studying or even viewing the chief tenets of your faith as a whole, as a unit, as a morally, intellectually, even emotionally satisfying pattern for your life. You have heard sermons, but they dealt with isolated topics. You have attended missions, but they had to stress the negative aspects of religion to bring back sinners. You have read, probably, Catholic books and magazines, etc., but they were not pointed directly at your needs. A retreat puts your faith before you as a whole.

2. Your daily life brings you into an atmosphere that does anything but foster the growth of religious faith and practice, as you know. Rather it tends to blot out of your mind the memory of God, and to loosen your grip on the ironclad principles of conduct which God has made known. A retreat offsets the dangerous influences of your daily world: jolts you into realization and remembrance; spurs you to enthusiasm for the highest and noblest things.

3. You have a duty in today's world more than that of saving your own soul, which latter is a task difficult enough in itself to provide ample reason for making a retreat. But over and above that — or rather as part of it — you have a duty of Catholic leadership — of leading other Catholics by your example and through the use of opportunities in word and deed; of leading your blind, groping, stumbling, unhappy fellow-citizens to the rock of stability and the haven of peace by every means in your power. Have you ever thought of that? It takes a retreat to make you intelligent and eager in this regard.

These are cogent reasons for every thinking layman. Let him only thrust from his mind all fear and apprehension, all those vague prejudices against retreats that have no foundation, — and he will find making a retreat the most joyous and inspiring and salutary experience of the year.

Attention- June Brides!

The Church fits her ceremonies to the importance of the event involved. Not strange then, that the Sacrament of Marriage has so beautiful a Liturgy. Let it be widely appreciated.

H. S. Smith, C.Ss.R.

IN ALL the history of mankind there has been no social institution that has been so abused and at the same time so revered as, perhaps, the contract of marriage. In every age and among all nations we find this important state of life held in highest respect and yet history shows us repeatedly how men have tried to degrade it both in thought and in actuality. This has happened because men forget that matrimony is something of divine origin. It is a divine idea — it is God's plan and method for continuing the human race He has created. Our Lord even made a sacrament of the marriage contract and endowed it with the power to impart sanctifying grace.

The one great champion of the integrity of the marriage state, the institution that has tried to uphold the dignity of the sacramental contract and preserve its divine beauty and significance has been the Catholic Church. Nowhere is this more evident than in her liturgy for the administration of this sacrament — the Nuptial Mass.

The ceremonies of the Nuptial Mass have their origin in the earliest days of the Church. Tertullian, an ecclesiastical writer who died about the year 220, speaks of it and all the oldest books on the ceremonies of the church contain the Nuptial Mass. In olden times the ceremony was much more elaborate than at present. It began really with the espousals some time before the marriage itself; this consisted in a mutual promise by each of the parties to marry the other, a promise which required the consent of the parents for its ratification. After this came the giving of the ring to the bride-to-be by her betrothed. This was equivalent to our present-day custom of giving an engagement ring as a token of betrothal. Next the dowry was agreed upon, and a legal act embodying it was drawn up to which the bishop of the place often affixed his signature.

All of this preceded the actual celebration of the marriage itself and it seems to have been a remnant of the old usage of the Romans in

their rite of marriage. In the ceremonies of the sacrament of matrimony as in many other of the Church's ceremonies can be found many remnants of the old pagan forms of worship which she has appropriated, baptized anew as it were, and given a higher and a Christian meaning.

The marriage itself took place in what would be called the vestibule of the church and always in the presence of the priest or bishop. The parents of the betrothed couple would present them to the priest and then they would express their mutual consent and join their right hands while the priest would invoke the divine blessing on their union. The bride and bridegroom were then led to the altar where Holy Mass was celebrated for them and where they received Holy Communion. Usually they were covered with a veil during the Mass; this recalled the old Roman custom of covering the newly married couple with a sheep-skin as they sat on two stools fastened together signifying their new union.

All of these ceremonies were deeply symbolical and fraught with meaning. It is a real misfortune and a great liturgical loss that they have disappeared from the nuptial ceremonies or have been replaced with meaningless or at best worldly customs such as the solemn and showy wedding march or the silly practice of showering the bride and groom with rice.

IT IS by the prayers of the Nuptial Mass, however, more than by the ceremonies that the Church shows us how precious a thing she considers this contract of matrimony and how greatly she reverences it. By the words of the Introit, the first prayers the priest reads from the missal after he ascends the altar, emphasis is placed on the divine character of the contract. "May the God of Israel join you two together and may He be with you who took pity on two only children; (referring to Tobias and Sara) and now, Lord, make them bless Thee more fully. Blessed are all they that fear the Lord, that walk in His ways." It is clearly shown here that marriage must be entered into for the glory of God and that alone. At the Collect or prayer before the epistle, the priest asks that "what is done by our ministry may be abundantly filled with thy blessing."

There is a common opinion, quite false indeed, that in matrimony the woman promises to "love, honor and obey" her husband. Nowhere in the whole marriage ceremony is any direct statement made to this

effect. However the relationship between husband and wife is clearly outlined by the words of the lesson of the Nuptial Mass which is taken from the fifth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is head of the Church. . . . Husbands love your wives as Christ also loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it. . . . He that loveth his wife loveth himself." No mention here of servile obedience: nothing said directly about honoring the husband. The reason is simple; wifely obedience and mutual love are implicit in the very nature of Christian marriage, but this obedience is to be understood according to the mind of the Church and not according to the whim of man; and nowhere is the husband commanded to rule, nor instructed how; all his duty is signified by love.

The Gradual, the prayer said after the Epistle before the priest moves to the center of altar, refers to the primary purpose of matrimony: the begetting of children. "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine on the walls of thy house; thy children like olive plants round about thy table." In the Gospel which follows, St. Mathew records the divine character of Christian Marriage. God made us male and female and "for this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. Therefore now they are not two but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Two people have ceased to be two, they are one flesh, and only one thing can sever them — death.

THE Offertory and the Canon of the Nuptial Mass are as usual: but at the Pater Noster, the priest turns to the bride and groom, beckons them to come and kneel on the altar steps and then says over them two prayers. The first is an appeal to God to "further this institution which Thou hast ordained for the increase of mankind." The second prayer is a special prayer for the bride. It asks particularly that she may find marriage a yoke of love and peace. "Let the yoke of love and peace be upon her. True and chaste, let her wed in Christ and let her ever follow the example of holy women; let her be dear to her husband like Rachel, wise like Rebecca, long-lived and faithful like Sara. Let the father of sin work none of his evil deeds in her. Let her be joined to the Faith and the commandments. Let her be true to one wedlock and shun all sinful embraces. Let her fortify her weakness by strong dis-

cipline. Let her be grave in demeanor and honored for modesty. Let her be well informed in heavenly doctrine. Let her be fruitful in offspring. Let her life be good and sinless. May she obtain the rest of the blessed in the kingdom of heaven." The prayer concludes with a petition to Almighty God for a long life for both husband and wife that "they both may see their children's children unto the third and fourth generation."

There is nothing that the church overlooks in this prayer for the wife. Every grace and blessing that she will need, every help and favor that will add to her happiness is begged for from Almighty God. In the special blessing that is given them at the end of Mass after they have received Holy Communion, the Church prays for them officially once more and addresses them directly in the second person. "May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, be with you, and may He fulfil His blessings in you, that you may see your children's children even to the third and fourth generation, and afterwards possess life everlasting by the assistance of Our Lord Jesus Christ who with the Father and Holy Ghost lives and reigns God, world without end."

At this point in the ceremony the priest is advised to admonish the newly married couple to be ever faithful to each other, to observe continence at certain times as an act of virtue, to love each other truly and forever, and to live always in the fear of God. Then he sprinkles them with holy water and concludes the sacrifice.

We can see from the ceremonies and prayers of the Nuptial Mass just how highly the Church regards the contract of marriage and how solicitous she is for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of her children who enter into this holy state. We wonder how anyone about to be married would ever run the risk of missing her blessing and prayers for them.

Yet how few of our young engaged couples ever even think of the meaning of the Nuptial Mass, much less prepare themselves for participation in this great ceremony. Perhaps if our young brides would think more about the significance of the prayers and actions of the Nuptial Mass, instead of the cut of their gown or the beauty of their bouquet, and prepare more for the reception of this sacrament, than for the procession up the main aisle, marriage would be greatly more revered and the graces imparted would be vastly more appreciated.

A Rose In Green Pastures

Upon the spiritual desolation of the negro race in America, there are gleams of hope being cast. One of these derives from the Congregation of Colored Sisters described here.

D. J. Corrigan, C.Ss.R.

SHE knew more about baseball than any Catholic Sister I had ever met. But this was not surprising, for all summer she had been cheerfully and patiently lying there in her cot in the tuberculosis sanitarium, while her only outward diversion was the time she took from her prayers to listen in at the bedside radio to the fortunes of "Dizzy" Dean and the St. Louis Cardinals. Observing the sparkle of her eye and the soft cultured flow of her conversation, one was almost tempted to forget that she was afflicted with a disheartening disease. As I gave her a blessing, I determined to learn more about these Oblate Sisters of Providence, the first Religious Congregation of colored women established within the Catholic Church.

I have a newspaper clipping before me, from a recent issue of *The Baltimore Catholic*. In heavy print its caption reads "TEN RECEIVE THE HOLY HABIT OF OBLATES." From all parts did these colored girls come to dedicate their young lives to God in St. Frances' Convent, — from points as geographically diversified as Spokane, Washington, and Caguas, Puerto Rico, or Baltimore, Maryland, and Cardenas, Cuba. After one hundred and seven years these Oblates seem to be prospering now, with one hundred and eighty Sisters and a well filled novitiate and sixteen schools and orphanages in Missouri, Kansas, Maryland, South Carolina, and Cuba. Indeed, in their present comparative prosperity it is difficult to read all the apparently insurmountable difficulties and hardships of their early beginnings. Though it is little known, in their troubled, dramatic history glows one of the bright spots in the annals of the Catholic Church in America.

For a moment let us go back to a Baltimore of more than a century ago, to an old Baltimore of the South, where little white children were reared to look upon the negro as essentially a servant and a slave, where otherwise generous people abhorred the thought of a colored person's ever learning to read or write. It was into just such a socially hostile

environment that there had appeared in Baltimore a few years before four Catholic colored girls, Elizabeth Lange, Marie Rose Boegue, Marie Magdalen Balas and Marie Theresa Duchemin. They were all French speaking refugees from a turbulent San Domingo, — devout, free, highly educated and for that time well-to-do. Almost immediately their pity for the desolate condition of their race on American soil impelled them to open a private school for negro girls.

Meanwhile, over in the basement of old St. Mary's seminary, a saintly Sulpitian Priest, M. Joubert, was trying to do something about the spiritual condition of the colored. But with only one catechism class a week he found most of his good efforts futile, simply because his negro children were unable to read. Casting about for some means to overcome this difficulty, he hit upon the idea of forming a religious community of colored women. When he made his project known to the four San Dominican refugee girls, they joyfully agreed to the plan. Accordingly, after some necessary delays, with the enthusiastic approbation of Archbishop Whitfield these four colored postulants, destined to be the first of their race in the history of the Church, went to live in a rented house at St. Mary's Court, with eleven boarders and nine day scholars. Noteworthy is the fact that this event took place on June 13, 1828, not long after Mother Seton had set up her little band of Religious teachers, some years before most of our today prominent Sisterhoods took the field of American Catholic education.

A beautiful, variously significant custom of the Oblates, — one that had its origin in those early times and has persevered among them to the present day, — is the fact that with their religious habits they received a chain — token that they are enrolled in the association of "The Holy Slavery of the Mother of God." Slavery! What dreadful memories does that word rouse up! Injustice, cruelty, contempt, — and what was worse — the frustration of all the hopes and ambitions dear to the human heart! The American colored of the year 1828 belonged to a race of slaves; the Religious State ever has been and always will be a real though devoted servitude. But God loves slaves, whether they be such by necessity or choice, and since it is an open secret that God tries His friends, we cannot be surprised that the afflictions of those early Oblates were very severe, branded, as they were, with a double imprint of God's holy love.

Hardly had the news got round of what was taking place in St.

Mary's Court than a storm of protests arose even from responsible Catholic circles. What! The colored raised to the dignity of the Religious State? Impossible! In the face of this tempest even the stout hearted Father Joubert began to doubt and hesitate. But the Apostolic Metropolitan of Baltimore gave the command: "Go ahead;" and with such a sign of God's blessing the infant Congregation, in spite of various difficulties, began to grow up. On July 2, 1829, the four novices pronounced their first vows, and two years later the little community numbered twelve. In the same year, 1831, His Holiness Gregory XVI approved the institute as an officially established Religious Congregation.

For twelve golden years the Oblates continued to thrive. Pupils and orphans flocked to St. Frances', candidates knocked at the convent door almost in overabundance, the school and motherhouse was moved and enlarged, a flourishing colored parish sprang up with its headquarters the Sisters' chapel. Then on November 5, 1843, their founder and protector, zealous Father Joubert, died!

Ordinarily the death of a good man, even of the greatest, is not such a dire calamity that it cannot be supplied. But with the passing of kindly old Father Joubert, it seems the Oblates lost their only effectual champion. They were now to enter upon a four year agony with their only hope a blind trust in the Providence from which they took their name. The Sulpitians, their faithful guides for so many years, at this time were bidden by higher superiors to sunder all activity outside of seminary walls. Death had cost them many friends among the clergy; hints were thrown out that, from the colored, servants were needed, not Sisters! The new Archbishop (Eccleston) seemed not at all in sympathy with their work: as matters went from bad to worse, he let them know that they were to be suppressed, that the most sensible thing they could do would be to give up the project!

Give up! It is hard for us to appreciate the horror of that suggestion. Most of these women had experienced the joy of religious sacrifice for some fifteen years; they had generously given to this worthy cause their all, — their talents, their fortunes, their years of youth; with increasing courage and joy they had watched their efforts bear fruit a hundredfold among the abandoned souls of their own people; if their cherished institute was to end, there was no other community in which they could hope to find a refuge! As the long dreary months stretched

into years, they struggled on without Director, confessor, holy Mass or retreats; they saw the once flourishing colored parish about them break up for want of a Pastor, and their own little band dwindle to eleven Sisters, six boarding pupils, and twelve day scholars. They knew what it was to suffer hunger and cold, and in spite of their efforts to earn their daily bread by taking in washing and sewing they found themselves fast sinking into heavy debt. Utterly demoralized by this hopeless state of affairs, some of the Sisters packed up and left, among them two of the original foundresses, who, being fair of complexion, were enabled to begin a Sisterhood for whites in the West.

Then it was that God sent sunshine gleaming through the rain. The saintly Father Neumann, at the time Provincial of the Redemptorists, heard of the absolute abandonment of the Oblates and pitied them. He sent Father Smulders to preach them a retreat, the first they had in three years. Still they had no chaplain, but Mass was offered once a month for the renewal of the Sacred Species and a series of devotions prepared to keep alive their fervor. Father Neumann himself became their confessor and inspired them with the courage to persevere. Then in the year 1847 he bade one of his newly ordained Priests, Father Thaddeus Anwander, to go to the Archbishop and ask permission to care for the Sisters. When the young Priest presented his petition to Archbishop Eccleston, he was set back by the words: "What's the use?" But the youthful Redemptorist persisted, finally going down to his knees with the humble request: "Most Reverend Father, only give me your blessing with your permission on trial." Such a plea could not well be refused, and was not.

During Father Anwander's eight year Directorship prosperity returned to the Oblates, this time to stay. When in May, 1855, obedience called him to other fields of labor, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the number of Sisters had doubled, that the boarders had increased to sixty and the day scholars to one hundred, that an additional school had been erected for boys. Moreover, the Archbishop had become friendly, the clergy had renewed their trust in the Oblates, three additions to their building had been made, and the colored Catholic inhabitants of Baltimore had been formed into a congregation of their own with a church on Calvert Street. To accomplish all of this, Father Anwander spent altogether ten thousand dollars, "all of which was paid, but St. Joseph helped to pay," he quaintly recorded.

When in the year 1860 the Redemptorists were compelled to give up the work, Archbishop Kenrick entrusted it to the Jesuits. These Priests nobly responded to the task, appointing Father P. L. Miller as Director. Under Father Miller's devoted and able jurisdiction the growing community staunchly weathered the storms of race hatreds engendered by the Civil War, the curriculum of studies was enlarged and improved, and a new orphanage was erected near the outskirts of Baltimore. Then for nine years, from 1872 until 1881, those ardent champions of the colored race in America, the Fathers of the Society of St. Joseph, directed the Order. Finally in the year 1881 the care of the Sisters was given over to the Secular Clergy with Father A. B. Leeson (1881-1911), the Right Reverend O. B. Corrigan (1911-1924), and the Right Reverend Monsignor M. F. Foley, as Directors. It was during Father Leeson's long, zealous supervision that the Oblates began successfully to spread to distant states and lands.

* * *

On one of the side streets of Normandy, beautiful suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, stands an orphanage for colored girls, under the responsibility of these Oblate Sisters. I made my way up the front entrance and pressed the door bell.

It is always pleasant to be welcomed by a smile. "Won't you come in, Father, and have a chair? Mother Superior will be right down."

Soon the Mother made her appearance, a kindly, gracious simple soul. All I wanted was some information. That was supplied, in the form of books and pamphlets and ready answers. And then: "No, you cannot leave just yet. You must have a lunch, and meet the Sisters, and talk to the orphans."

Orphans are the same the world over, and so are Sisters, (with due regard for their spirit and work). But to one who knows their history there is something remarkable about these Oblates. Perhaps the finest compliment ever rendered these colored Nuns was given them by Father Anwander, shortly after he had received from Archbishop Eccleston permission to take them under his care. He wrote that "in the depth of all their hopelessness he found them keeping their Rule." They are continuing to do just *that* today, and they are heroically carrying on a blessed work, a work which is singularly well performed. And the Sisters themselves—they are refined, contented spirits, truly childlike in all absence of sophistication: friendly, yet dignified; rever-

ent, yet inspiring reverence; keenly alive to the hardships of their race, yet living on in patient hope. Possibly the most adequate way of describing them is to say that they are the type of Sisters who never let an occasion pass without demanding a blessing from a Priest.

"What are your difficulties?"

"We need more Sisters and, of course, money."

"But what is your *greatest* difficulty?"

After a while it came out: "The fact that so many of our girls, on leaving the orphanage, lose their holy Faith, from lack of churches in which they can worship and in discouragement over the rebuffs that they frequently receive from Catholics."

* * *

Much more might be written about the Oblates, particularly of Sister Mary, the first Superior of the Order. She it was, Elizabeth Lange, in whom nature and grace had united to form a natural leader of that little group of refugee San Dominican girls. In a way, we might call her one of the greatest gamblers that ever lived. Possessing a comfortable fortune, she staked it all in this venture for the love of God. And when so often everything seemed so hopelessly lost, she nevertheless continued to play the game. And she kept on playing it — in sunshine and rain, through happy days and heart-rending nights, in moments of victory and hours of bitter defeat — for more than fifty-four devoted years. Who shall say that she was not spared to her Sisters if for nothing more than to teach them one lesson: that no matter what the odds a blessed gambler cannot lose, if she puts her trust in the Providence of God?

The Oblates of today are not considered one of the great orders in the Church. In fact, many a younger Sisterhood has far outstripped them in numbers and resources. But few Orders have had to suffer as have they; none has had to meet their handicaps. They have been hindered and thwarted in their work by the same devil that has prevented the spread of the Catholic Faith among the members of their race in America. Their consolation and hope, however, lie in the words of our Divine Redeemer: "Is the servant greater than the Master? If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you."

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A man named Babin was recently executed by a firing squad in Soviet Ukraine; the crime for which he thus atoned, according to the official sentence of death, was this: "used to be a policeman."

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

THROUGH A RECTORY WINDOW

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

YOU see, Father, we'd like to get married. . . . This is Jane Scott. . . . We've been engaged for several months. . . . And tonight we've been talking it over. . . . We'd like to get married tomorrow, so we came over to make arrangements. . . .

What's that? It takes time? What for? . . . We're all set, and we called up our friends and said it would be tomorrow. . . . It's got to be tomorrow. . . .

Questions? Sure, go ahead. Fire away. . . . No, neither of us has been married before . . . fact is we've hardly gone steady with anybody else all our lives. So you needn't worry on that score. . . .

Sure, we're both Catholics, aren't we Jane? . . . Why, I was born down in the good old Eighth Ward where all the Irish come from. Of course I ain't Irish, but all the folks down that way were Catholics. By the way, that reminds me, do you know Father Frawley? A great friend of the family, comes over to our house every — every so often — he's a sport — a real — what's that? You say he's dead? . . . Dead ten years? . . . Oh, I see. . . . Gee, that's tough. . . . You see I haven't been around much lately, sort of lost track of the old Eighth Ward gang. Ha. Ha.

Oh, you want our baptismal records? What do we do — go to the city hall for 'em? No? . . . Oh, the parish where we were born. That's easy for me. . . . But Jane, let's see now, where was you born? . . . Some place in Minnesota, wasn't it? You don't remember the name of the town? Oh, well, some of your folks'll know. . . . But gosh, that's goin' to take a week. . . .

What? . . . Where de we live now? . . . I'm living up on the East side with my kid brother. . . . Jane lives in the next block. . . . What block? 42nd and Central. . . . You know, right near the Electric works. . . . We go to church at — where do we go to church at, Jane? . . . Oh, yes, that's right. . . . We go to church at St.

Stephen's. . . . No, I don't know who the pastor is, do you Jane?
 . . . No? . . . You see, Father, they change them so often it's hard
 to keep track. . . . Is that right? You don't say! . . . Father Ellery
 has been there eight years? Well, well. . . . That's a good one on
 me. . . .

You mean we're supposed to go to our parish church to get married?
 That's funny. I thought one Catholic Church was the same as another.
 . . . And we're supposed to take some instructions before getting
 married? And we have to have our baptismal records? And our names
 have to be called in Church three Sundays before the wedding unless
 we have a good reason for secrecy? . . . Why all the red tape? . . .
 I know a J. P. who will do the job any day. . . . Thought because I
 was a Catholic—and Jane here too, I'd give a priest a break. . . .
 Of all the. . . .

Come on, Jane. . . . Let's go. . . . We don't need to waste all
 this time just over getting married. . . . No, Father, I'm not interested
 in the reasons for all these rules—they're too much for me as it is.
 . . . We'll just toddle over to the J. P. . . .

* * *

This, Father, is Leo. . . . You met him, I believe, the other night at
 the bunco party. . . . Remember? . . . We've come to tell you we want
 to get married. . . . Yes. . . . O thank you so much. . . .

Yes, surely. I understand that you have to have certain information.
 . . . No, Leo is not a Catholic. . . . But he's willing to become one.
 We talked it all over. . . . Aren't you, Leo? . . . See. . . .

O dear, no. . . . Leo is not married now . . . Yes, he was married,
 but he's got his divorce and everything. . . . He had such an awful,
 awful time with—*that woman* . . . didn't you, Leo? . . . She was
 just one of those gold-diggers you read about . . . never showed it
 before they were married, but afterward it was just too awful. . . .
 Poor Leo. . . . He stood it as long as he could, and then he just had
 to leave her. . . . He knows now that he never really loved her, it was
 just one of those passing info—infa—that's right—infa-tuations.
 . . . Just a big mistake from the very beginning. . . .

What? You mean the Church doesn't recognize his divorce? That
 he is still married to his first wife? . . . But don't you see, Father, she
 ruined his life. . . . She was simply unbearable. . . . Isn't it true—
 I've been telling Leo all about it—that the Church wants everybody

to be happy? . . . that she never stands in the way of true love when whole lives are at stake. . . . Why, how could she?

Oh yes, I know all that about "what God hath joined together." But God is good and kind and loving. . . . He's not a cruel tyrant. . . . Yes, I suppose that's true that he wants us all to get to heaven no matter what sacrifices we have to make. . . . But surely he won't make our lives a hell on earth. . . . There are exceptions to every rule. . . . Can't you do something, Father? . . . Can't you do something? . . . Please. . . . Please. . . . Please. . . .

* * *

Father, we'd like to have our marriage blessed. . . . What marriage? . . . Why, ours. . . . You see we were married six months ago by a justice in Salem. . . . Our folks don't know it yet, so we'd like to have it all blessed and everything before they have to find out.

. . .

You mean that wasn't any marriage at all? . . . But we had our license and all. . . . The catechism? . . . Why, what does it say? I guess I forgot that answer. . . . It's right there? . . . Let me see. . . . Oh, yes, now I remember. . . . "A Christian man and woman cannot be united in lawful marriage in any other way than by the Sacrament of Matrimony." . . . And to think I used to be able to rattle off all those answers word for word. . . . Shows how a person forgets. . . . We never even thought of that, did we George?

The bishop? . . . You have to get permission from the bishop to absolve us from the sin of trying to get married like we did? . . . He has reserved that sin to himself? . . . I never heard of such a thing. . . . Yes, we go to Church . . . sometimes. . . . We go to Mass quite often on Sunday. . . . Well, no. We haven't gone to any special sermons or services — just didn't have time . . . And we've been intending to go to Confession and Communion for over a year, but just didn't get around to it. . . .

You're right, I guess. . . . We're pretty poor Catholics. . . . We'll have to turn over a new leaf. . . . But you'll bless our marriage — I mean you'll help us to do whatever is necessary now to get married, won't you, Father? . . . We'll do anything you say. . . . Yes, we'll take the instructions and go to the Sacraments. . . . But you won't let our folks know anything about it, will you. . . . O, thank you so much, Father. . . .

* * *

Good evening, Father. . . . You can probably guess why we are here. . . . Oh, you've been waiting for us? . . . That makes it easier. . . . We've finally decided on the date. . . . There's lots of time yet; we've settled on three months from today. . . . But we thought we'd come over early and see you. . . . We want to do this thing right. . . . It's a big step, you know. . . .

We've got our baptismal records already. . . . But we'd like to be sure of getting the instructions that are usually given before marriage. . . . We don't want to go into it blindly. . . . We've been praying and receiving Holy Communion about every week for a year for help to decide and grace to do what God wants us to. . . . And if there is any help you can give us, we'd appreciate it very much. . . .

That's fine. . . . Certainly, we'll be glad to come every two weeks for an instruction. . . . And listen, Father, will you say a little prayer for us at one of your Masses? . . . Just that we'll be happy and good and true to one another always? . . . Thank you ever so much. . . . We'll be remembering you in our Communions. . . . See you soon. . . .

Reasonable Judgment

The following is the judgment passed by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Haas on the now defunct NRA. Dr. Haas up to recently was the President of the National Catholic School of Social Service and is now President of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee:

"When all is said and done, the main purpose of the NRA was to stamp out competition below a weekly minimum of \$12 and above a weekly maximum of 40 hours. That the NRA made mistakes, no one will deny, but they were mistakes of judgment and not of will. Nor should it be forgotten that from the outset the Administration had to contend with such powerful opposition groups as the utility, insurance, and telegraph and telephone industries who never submitted to a code, and with many influential newspapers, some of which were outspokenly hostile and others as hostile as public opinion would allow them to be. Incidentally, this phase of NRA history has never been written. As a member of the Labor Advisory Board of the NRA from the first to the last day I can say that its basic principles were right and that it was a beginning of an application of the social programs of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. Since the Schechter decision of the U. S. Supreme Court on May 27, 1935, all these gains have been wiped out and we are now back to where we were before 1933."

ROMANCE AMONG THE SAINTS

THE HUMAN LOVE OF FREDERICK OZANAM: FOUNDER OF THE ST. VINCENT de PAUL SOCIETY

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

"HENCEFORTH you will never be alone," thus Ozanam had written to a friend on the occasion of his marriage—some years before he himself had contemplated such a step. Now Frederick Ozanam and Amelie Soulacroix were ever united. Every page of his life allows us to glimpse the wife who sustained and inspired him.

GOLDEN DAWN

Ozanam's married life, as we might expect from one of his stamp—a man of high ideals and enthusiasms—began with all the glory of a summer dawn. Active, intense, vigorous as he was in work or discourse or debate, he was, as his whole family life showed, naturally in need of someone to complete his life and provide the necessary rest for his tumultuous mind. But the golden glow of that dawn—was God.

"For five days that we have been together," he writes from his honeymoon to his friend Lallier, "What calm, what serenity, in this soul, that you have known so unquiet and so ingenious, in inflicting suffering on itself.

"I allow myself to be happy. I count no more the moments, nor the hours. The course of time, is no longer for me, what matters the future to me? Happiness is in the present,—it is eternity. . . .

"Help me to be good and grateful. Each day in discovering to me, new merits in her whom I possess augments my debt towards Providence. What a difference from those days when you saw me so sad at Paris."

To Montalembert, the author of the classic *Life of St. Elizabeth*, he writes, revealing how deeply his Faith permeated his whole attitude.

"God, who took from me my mother, has been pleased to leave me no longer without a guardian angel. My happiness is great, and whilst I enjoy it in its first sweetness, I remember that you told me of it beforehand. I remember that, when leaving you at our last interview, you pressed my hand with kindness, and told me that intense joys crowned Christian unions here below.

THE LIGURIAN

"Evidently, too, he had read the life of St. Elizabeth, in preparation for his marriage, and had discussed it with Amelie, in order to see how they might hallow the duties of this state of life; for he continues:

"Henceforth, in your remembrance before God, I lay claim to the place you there promised me as a Christian husband. St. Elizabeth has revealed to us the pure joys of conjugal piety; the friendship of her historian may help us to reproduce them.

PHILOSOPHY OF MARRIAGE

It was from such sources as this, no doubt, that Ozanam, who so long refused to consider marriage, drew a whole philosophy — or we had better say, theology — of marriage; theology, because he never failed to see this, like everything else, in the light of God. In a lecture on Christian Women, delivered at the University of Paris, he said:

"In marriage there is not only a contract, there is above all a sacrifice, a twofold sacrifice.

"The woman sacrifices that which God has given her, and which is irreparable, that which was the object of her mother's anxious care — her fresh young beauty, often her health, and that faculty of loving, which women have but once.

"The man, in his turn, sacrifices the liberty of his youth, those incomparable years which never return, that power of devoting himself to her he loves, which can only be found at the outset of life, and that effort of a first love to secure for her a fond and happy lot. This is what a man can do but once, between the age of twenty and thirty — a little sooner, a little later, perhaps never . . .

"This is why I say Christian Marriage is a double sacrifice. It is two cups: one filled with virtue, piety, innocence; the other with an unstained love, self-devotion, the immortal consecration of the man to her, who is weaker than himself, whom yesterday he did not know, with whom today, he is one, and with whom he is content to spend the remainder of his days. And these two cups must both be filled to the brim, in order that the union may be holy, and that Heaven may bless it."

UNDERSTANDING AND CONFIDENCE

From the beginning of their married life these two reveal perfect understanding and mutual confidence.

Their honeymoon ended, they set out on a tour through Italy. It was a matter of necessity for Ozanam for the sake of his lectures at the university. They had set aside a sum of money for the furnishing

of their home; some of this had to be used for expenses of this journey.

"Only have confidence in me," said the young husband, as Amelie agreed, "and I will, please God, before long give you the prettiest furniture that is to be had."

Ever and again in reading his life and his letters we catch glimpses of this understanding and confidence. His work at the University, his work for the poor in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the position he undertook during the Revolution, his writing—all provided many occasions on which this mutual understanding was required and beautifully revealed.

One New Year's eve he was telling his wife about a poor family who had known better days, but were now reduced to such straits that they had been compelled to pledge a handsome chest of drawers, the last remnant that remained to them of their former comfort. He said he was greatly tempted to go and redeem it and send it to them for a New Year's gift. Amelie, who was seldom inclined to check his generous impulses, this time thought he ought to refrain. Ozanam yielded.

The day was spent pleasantly in paying and receiving friendly and official visits. But when evening came, and his little girl was showing him the profusion of toys and bon-bons that had poured in on her since morning, he turned away with a sigh and became silent. Amelie noticed the change at once and inquired if anything had happened to distress him. He confessed that the thought of those poor people was weighing on him and the thought of all this money spent on Marie's (the little girl's) pleasure smote him like a reproach.

Amelie smiled and begged him to go and relieve his heart. Ozanam hurried out and in a short time returned radiantly happy.

Days of danger and apprehension came too; but this understanding and mutual confidence only made them seem to draw these two souls closer together.

In 1844, when his position as substitute Professor at the University was in danger—and with it the support of his family—Amelie stood by him quietly but confidently. And when at last the announcement was made that he had been selected Professor for life, Ozanam rejoiced more for those that depended on him than for himself. His first thought was for Amelie.

"We were looking forward," he writes to Ampere, "to this conclusion certainly as a great happiness, and yet I must confess that our joy has been far greater than anticipated. It is almost humiliating to

be so much moved by a temporal advantage but at the first moment this end of all our anxieties and fears, the newfound security, the sense of peace overcame Amelie and myself more than I dare say.

"I was so happy to see this dear life, superadded to my own, henceforth sheltered, as far as it humanly can be, from those cares and vicissitudes that wear out the noblest hearts; to see an honorable position, and one worthy of her, secured to her, and at the same time to feel myself in a condition of independence which will permit me to do my duty without incurring mortifying suspicions and threatening interpretations!"

With the Revolution of 1848 Ozanam hailed the Republic as the only salvation of the country. His vigorous and untiring pen was pressed into service and brought him into conflict with other Catholics like Louis Veuillot, who could not see eye to eye with him.

Ozanam joined the National Guard and was ready to serve the cause he espoused even with his life. Those were days of constant dread for Amelie.

"Amelie will have set your mind at rest about us," writes Ozanam to his brother. "She will have told you that we are safe and sound. . . . As for me, my detachment was stationed nearly all the time at the Rue Garancirce and the Rue Palatine. . . . We had a good many false alarms; shots were fired in the neighboring streets, and we had to patrol the boulevards at some risk, but thank God, we did not pull a trigger. My conscience was in order, so I should not have shrunk before the danger. I confess, nevertheless, that it is a terrible moment when a man embraces his wife and child with the feeling that perhaps it is for the last time."

When, however, Ozanam undertook the dangerous mission of penetrating the barricades in order to get Msgr. Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, to intervene in the struggle, Amelie, in the first moment of terror tried to restrain him.

"You are going straight to your death!" she cried. "You must not do it! I implore you not to go!"

But Ozanam calmly and affectionately showed her that the good of the poor people demanded this of him. Amelie yielded without further opposition and bore herself so nobly that Ozanam could say to his friends:

"Thank God! Amelie is courageous."

GATHERED AT DAWN

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

MARIA VIGOLO

Peter J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.

LVII

THE scene of the little lifestory was laid in a tiny hamlet in the north western point of France. In a little farming town not far from Calais and quite close to the boundary of Flanders a little girl was born and spent her few years in an orphan asylum. The name of the town is Huttes near the river Aa which flows into the canal that connect Calais to Dunkerk. The name of the little girl was Renee Kieken.

RENEE KIEKEN 1922-1933

Renee was born of pious parents on July 3, 1922 and was baptized two weeks later at the parish church of Huttes. In former years the men folk of Huttes and the surrounding country used to make daring fishing trips to the Islands and to Greenland, but now have settled down to argicultural pursuits. We have very little information regarding the child's mother and of the rest of the family outside the fact that two years after Renee's birth, a little sister came to join her, and two years after that the mother who seemed not to be very strong succumbed and died, and Renee was sent to an orphan asylum under the care of the Daughters of the Infant Jesus. Here the child found a very congenial atmosphere and found no difficulty in fitting into her surroundings. The children loved the Sisters, whom they called "Mamma", while the superioress was known to them as "Mamma Directress."

The child learned quite early how to love Jesus and how to make little sacrifices. There was little or no room for selfishness at the asylum for the Sisters strove to fuse the children into one large family where each was expected to give and to take.

Renee was often noticed looking up to the blue sky as she walked about the playground as if she wished to see what was on the other side of the sky, and she was often heard to say:

"How I would like to die so as to see Jesus and Mamma and my little sister!"

THE LIGUORIAN

HER LOVE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

At five and a half she already had a burning desire to receive Christ in the Eucharist. She was told to prepare for the great privilege and immediately it was noticed that her sacrifices increased very much. She received on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 15, 1928, and from that time the thought of Communion became the central point of her whole life. She would rise at half past five and at six was already seen in the chapel. Here she would make the Way of the Cross and then make a little meditation.

Mass followed this little meditation and she received with the others. It was noticed that Communion had almost visible effects in this little life. To spread the aroma of her Communions into her day, she made very frequent use of ejaculatory prayers and of spiritual communions. We are told that from the age of seven she seemed to be almost continually united with Jesus no matter where she would find herself, whether in the house, dormitory, playground or class.

One day a young lady who had quite an attraction for Renee, gave the child a holy picture which portrayed a cross surrounded by thorns and surmounted by a star. The child looked at the picture very closely, and then looked up at her friend and said:

"Ever since I entered the world, I have always been among thorns, for I have suffered much. Soon I will be a little star very near to my little King."

THE STRUGGLE FOR CHARACTER

The nun who had charge of Renee noticed that the child had indications of jealousy and a little inclination to deceit. These however, were soon corrected. She found silence hard, but kept strict watch over herself. In general it was remarked by those in charge that she did not resent being corrected and was open and free in acknowledging her faults.

But as she attained school age, Renee in compliance with the civil law that demanded all those in municipal institutions must attend the public schools, would go out to school each day. The fact that she heard nothing of Jesus there, pained the child very deeply, and the hearing of offensive language caused her to think of Reparation. She took her studies there more as a duty than anything else. Not that she neglected them, but that her favorite study as she herself said, was the catechism:

THE LIGURIAN

"Grammar, history of France, geography are not necessary to love Jesus and go to heaven, but of my catechism I will never know enough."

During the periods of remission she managed to do good to others. When she noticed some lack of modesty among the children, she would remark quite simply:

"Don't do that; Jesus sees you from the heights of heaven."

Some of the children were totally ignorant about their religion, and to these Renee would teach the catechism and tell them the story of Christ and all He did for men.

THE CROSS

The year 1933 opened very promisingly and seemed to point to a year of happiness and contentment. It was the year of her Solemn Communion — a thought that thrilled the little girl very much.

"See, at last the great year has come — I'm going to make my Solemn Communion this year!" she exclaimed to the Sister on January first.

But the month was scarcely half out, January 17, when Renee came home from school a little before the lunch hour. She went immediately in search of the "Children's Sister" and said:

"Mamma, I cannot go on any more; I have never shown you my suffering; I have always done what I could, but now I no more know what to do!"

She stayed in bed for a week, and then was removed to the infirmary where it was warmer for her. The malady persisted and the Doctor ordered her quarantined for a while. It meant many long hours for her but she bore it manfully although she did feel her loneliness at times very much when she heard the children at play right beneath her window. But the Sisters came often to visit her for they seemed to sense that this little girl was a chosen soul. One of the Sisters remarked:

"When coming here one has not got the courage to leave; the love of Jesus is here."

"Renee enjoyed these visits very much, but would not let them remain against the prescriptions of the Rule. One day one of the Sisters came rather late, and the visit was cut very short by the bell announcing the end of recreation. The Sister tarried a bit.

"Quick, Mamma," said Renee to her, "your Guardian Angel has already gone!"

Prayer became more and more of a pleasure to her, and whenever

THE LIGUORIAN

she could talk to anyone of the Good God, her face was radiant with happiness. It was therefore, not entirely unexpected that Renee was known to have enjoyed some particular supernatural favors.

HEAVENLY FAVORS

She had often told her confessor that she called Jesus "My little King" and He called her "My little Queen." For some time it would seem she gave no further indication of the incident. But one day she rather suddenly put a question to the Sister who usually took care of her:

"When Jesus tells me anything for myself alone, should I write it in my little notebook?"

"No, but you ought to tell it to your confessor." The child reflected a moment and said rather decidedly:

"I will not tell it to any one."

Some time after that, her little notebook carries in unsteady and difficulty characters:

"Friday. Today, little Jesus, I am going to offer Thee my sufferings."

May 25: "Jesus has called me 'My Little Queen'."

May 26: "Jesus is satisfied with me, because I do His will. He has made me experience joy. I am happy, for I am queen not on earth, but in heaven for Jesus."

June 3: "Asked of little Jesus when he will come to look for me: 'When that will be My will, my little Queen.'

'Little Jesus, I would like to suffer much more, before I die, so as to save souls.'

'I will come with My dear Mother; the little angels will carry your white garment, and the crown which you merited.'

And I said 'Thank you, little Jesus'."

REPARATION

One might be tempted to attribute all these things to a child's vivid imagination, but to read what her note book contains and realize that a child of eleven wrote these things, convinces one that God was enlightening this child in spiritual ways. A specimen might be quoted here:

"June 4: I thirst to suffer for those who refuse to suffer. I thirst to love Jesus for them who do not love Him. Jesus prefers suffering well borne to a prayer made without love and attention."

THE LIGURIAN

She really did suffer considerably. Even when around with the children in the yard, she would never approach the fountain to drink so as to do without water from noon till evening. She learned early to accept thirst as a very powerful means to help Jesus' souls, and she often did without water for long hours. She had ample opportunity to do this since her malady caused her throat to be very much irritated so that swallowing was impossible at times, and her throat was generally parched.

But her days of pain were brightly illuminated by the great event of her Solemn Communion. This took place on May 24, 1933. The Infirmary was converted into a chapel and a little altar erected, bright with candles and heavy with flowers. She was clad in white—a frail child awaiting the greatest moment of her little life. Only one cloud seemed to hover over her. The Sister noticed it.

"Aren't you very happy that Jesus is going to come to you?"

"O yes, Mamma," was the whispered answer, "but I'm so afraid that I won't be able to swallow the host!"

As a matter of fact her throat was very irritated and there was some fear about the matter. But the priest came carrying the golden ciborium. Renee was propped up in bed as a little orphan companion recited the preparatory acts for her; the Confiteor was said, and Jesus was given to the little Queen. The friends who had assembled for the event, were profoundly moved by the devotion of the child. The same little orphan girl recited the prayers of thanksgiving, and the consecration to Mary and the renewal of the baptismal vows. Since Renee had the evening before requested Extreme Unction, this sacrament was also administered.

Good wishes and presents were given to her, and she was made much of. But she said to the Mother Directress:

"They make too much fuss over me, and they do not think enough about Jesus."

When all had left, Renee called her little Sister, Gisela to her and gave her a holy picture as remembrance, saying:

"Take it, Gisela, I give this picture to you as a souvenir. You see how the Infant Jesus is in the arms of the Holy Virgin. Well, that is His place; I confide you too to Mary. Always be very good, for then the good Mother will not open her arms. What will happen to you, if she would open her arms?"

THE LIGUORIAN

TOWARD THE END

She was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and asked but for the power to fulfill it in every respect.

"In heaven," she once said, "little Jesus will fill all my desires, as he did for little Therese, since here on earth I seek for only one thing: to do His Holy Will; since I will all that He wills, even that which causes me to suffer."

And this submission brought with it as it always does, a deep unfathomable joy.

"Since I have been sick in bed, I do not know how to express the joy that I feel deep in my heart. It is without doubt the fact that I always do the will of my 'little King,' that makes me so happy."

The malady made rapid progress and soon she was unable to eat any solid food and could take but a few drops of mineral water, a fact that she aptly described when she said:

"I live on the love of Jesus and some Vichy water."

Death held no fear for her, and she spoke of it quite serenely!

"After my death, don't bring flowers to my grave, but prayers. Flowers fade but prayers reach up to God."

She calmly put her few affairs in order, had the Sister recite the Magnificat in thanksgiving for all the favors Jesus had given her, and had some of her companions sing some of her favorite songs for the last time.

Gradually spells of choking set in which caused her great distress.

"I will soon leave you," she said, her lips parched with the thirst that was consuming her. When any alleviation was offered she would quietly put it aside:

"I wish to suffer still. My God, may Thy will be done, not mine."

When her thirst reached it's highest point, she was heard to whisper:

"I thirst!" But when something to drink was extended to her, she added:

"I thirst for Jesus!"

IN GOD

June 10 dawned in the little infirmary. Renee knew that this was her last day on earth. She asked the Sister to tidy things about the room, to dress her in her white dress, because Jesus would be expected.

"Mamma," she said to one of the religious, "embrace me, it is the last time."

Her confessor was called and spoke to her of Jesus, and then recom-

THE LIGURIAN

mended to her his intentions: ministry, personal sanctification, conversion of sinners — these were to be her commissions in heaven.

During the morning, she seemed to go into an ecstasy.

"I am all pure, I am all white, I am ready. Come, my little king, come to seek your little Queen. My dear Mother, help my little King to take me. . . . The gate of heaven is open. O, how beautiful it is! O, how beautiful my crown is, how beautiful. . . ."

In the afternoon, the devil tried to terrify her, but she repeated over and over:

"Quick, my little King, come and take me!" And when holy water was sprinkled over her, her calm once more returned, and a moment after she said:

"O yes, it is He! How beautiful He is!" and as a smile spread across the thin features she murmured: "Yes, Jesus!"

Towards five o'clock in the evening, the confessor was once more sent for.

"You will not forget my commissions with Jesus, will you?"

"No, Father, I will remember them."

She then said farewell to all around her, to her family, the Sisters and the playmates of her orphan days. She closed her eyes, as a weary child would, but continued to speak as one might in ecstasy:

"Come, my little King, come to take your little Queen, come! . . . My white garment. . . . Jesus! . . . Mary! . . . Heaven, O, how beautiful!"

Her eyes open again — they were bright with the light of heaven. Her face was transfigured — her whole figure seemed bathed in light; is seemed as if the angels and Our Blessed Lady might be standing very close. Slowly and deliberately the two little arms moved close to her body, the transparent fingers interlaced upon her breast, a very light sigh, and Renee was with her little King.

ADIEU LA PETITE REINE

Three days latter, on June 13, 1933, a funeral cortege entered the parish church where Renee was to have received the sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of Cardinal Lienhart. Her little companions were there, and they heard the great liturgy of the Church praying for repose for their little Renee. But those who knew the child intimately feel more like praying to her than for her, and when those little tots at the orphanage need help in their character struggles they look up at the window of the Infirmary, and feel ever so sure that Renee still looks down upon them there at play. [365]

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

No. 2. UNJUST CLAIMS OF CAPITAL

For many years now, it is true, "capital" has been able to take the lion's share. It has claimed as its own the entire product, all the profits; leaving to the workingman barely what he needed to maintain his strength and to insure the continuance of his class. For by a certain economic law which absolutely could not be controlled — so it was alleged — all accumulation of capital had to come to those already rich; and by the same law, the laboring classes had to live in constant want, precariously eking out a bare existence. In real life, it is true, the actual state of things did not always nor in all places fully follow out these liberalistic tenets of the Manchester School; but still it cannot be denied that the existing social and economic system had a constant general trend in that direction.

The Fact And so it is no wonder that these false opinions and misleading maxims should have met with bitter opposition; opposition which did not come exclusively from those who saw themselves thereby deprived of their inborn natural right to improve their lot in life.

Principle Alleged

Opposition Aroused

No. 3. UNJUST CLAIMS OF LABOR

There came, then, to the rescue of the toiling victims of this situation, certain so-called "intellectuals," who alleged in opposition to this imaginary law an equally imaginary moral principle, namely: the entire product and all the profits, with the exception of what is needed to maintain and replace capital, belongs by every right to the workingmen. This error is undoubtedly less evident than that of certain Socialists who claim that all the means of production should be transferred to the State, or as they put it, "socialized"; but for that very reason it is all the more pernicious, and the more apt to mislead simple folk: it is a tempting poison, eagerly absorbed by many who could not have been deceived by open Socialism.

"Intellectuals"— Principle

Condemned as Socialistic

No. 4. THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE FOR JUST DISTRIBUTION

To keep these false doctrines from blocking the path to justice and to peace, both sides should have remembered the wise words of Our Predecessor: "the earth, though divided among private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all." This is just what We Ourselves have taught anew, when We declared above that nature herself demands the division of goods which is effected by private ownership for this very purpose: namely, that of bringing created things to serve the needs of men in a definite, fixed, and orderly manner. Unless this is kept carefully in mind, the way to truth will be obscured and lost.

Principle Stated

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

Speaking of "the unjust claims of capital," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, states the fact that capital has been able to appropriate too much of the profits; *secondly*, describes the principle of the Manchester School on which capitalists acted, while admitting that in reality it was not carried out to its logical extremes; and *thirdly*, describes how the pretensions of the capitalists were opposed by workingmen and others.

What is notworthy about this "inexorable economic law"?

Three things: *first*, that it is what is called "the iron law of wages," and *secondly*, this "iron law of wages" is not really an iron law at all, but is, as the Pope says, an "imaginary" law, only one of the false principles of the Manchester School, and *thirdly*, that while "the iron law of wages" was one of the principles of the Manchester School, it was theoretically formulated as such by the Socialist, Lassalle.

What was "the Manchester School"?

The "Manchester School" is best described as a group of economic tenets defended in theory by certain English economic Liberals—notably Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, and Bright—and put into practice especially in the industries in and around Manchester, England. Some of these tenets are: 1) no interference by religion or government in the absolute freedom of business men; 2) if each man follows out his selfish interests, the greatest good will result for society; and 3) free trade between countries, and free competition between business men, must be held as absolutely sacred.

Speaking of "the unjust claims of labor," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, states that certain "intellectuals" (note that these "intellectuals" did not constitute any particular school or movement by that name, but were only some educated men, even among the Catholic would-be reformers) proposed an imaginary moral principle in favor of labor; *secondly*, tells what this "moral principle" is; *thirdly*, condemns it as Socialistic, or even worse than Socialistic.

Why is this an "imaginary" moral principle?

Because morally, it is *false* to say that the workingman is entitled to all of the product except what is needed to maintain or replace capital; he is entitled only to his fair share.

Showing "what principle should guide the distribution of new wealth," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, states the principle; *secondly*, applies it to the matter of distributing new wealth; *thirdly*, condemns violations of the principle.

"Stating the principle," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, indicates that the principle he is to give opens the way to "justice and peace"—i.e., is a principle of social justice; *secondly*, by quoting "Rerum Novarum" (n. 7) and his own doctrine (given in the section on private property, and at the beginning of this section on capital and labor) actually presents the principle—i.e., that God, or nature, intends the earth, though divided into private property, to minister to the needs of all men; *thirdly*, states that men will go astray if they do not keep this principle in mind.

What is "social justice"?

As commonly taken, and as Pius XI himself takes it in "The Fortieth Year," it may mean one of two things: *one*, the common good, and *the other*, the virtue which prompts and helps men to promote the common good.

What is "the common good"?

It is to society at large, or the state, or "the body politic," what life and health are to the body of an individual citizen.

What does life and health consist in for the body of an individual citizen?

It may be said to consist in three things: *first*, a sense or consciousness of security, well-being, satisfaction pervading the entire body; *secondly*, the things

which directly cause this sense of well-being, such as, 1) the proper functioning of the various organs and members of the body—heart, lungs, hands, feet, etc.; 2) the proper circulation of the blood; 3) the proper food, clothing, and shelter for the body; and *thirdly*, wise care of the health taken by the individual himself,—protecting it against danger, applying remedies where needed, and striving to perfect it in general.

What then does "the common good" consist in?

It too, may be said to consist in three things: *first*, a general sense of security, well-being, peace, harmony, prosperity in society; *secondly*, the immediate causes of this general security; and *thirdly*, wise direction and coordination of these causes by the government.

What are these "immediate causes of general security"?

Various things, such as these three: *first*, proper functioning of the members of society; i.e., 1) in family life, peace and order and freedom from constant financial worry; 2) in municipal life, honesty and efficiency; 3) in business life, freedom from class warfare, and instead of warfare, order and cooperation; *secondly*, proper circulation of exchange, money—especially of *credit*, which Pius XI calls "the life-blood of the economic body"; *thirdly*, the proper functioning of economic and social institutions—i.e., a proper banking system, honest and efficient business methods, proper transportation facilities, proper educational and charitable institutions; above all, a proper system of distributing new wealth and profits.

How is the government to "direct and coordinate these causes"?

"Never to destroy or absorb them" as Pius XI says (any more than the mind is to destroy or absorb the function of a member of the individual body, like the hand);—but the government is to do its work, as Pius XI says again, by "directing, overseeing, stimulating, restraining."

Is "the common good," as described, actually existent anywhere in the world?

No; but the world is striving for it, just as a sick man strives for health; hence the existence of movements like Fr. Coughlin's "National League for Social Justice." Note that Fr. Coughlin takes "Social Justice" to mean "the common good," not the virtue which promotes the common good; this is right, from the Catholic viewpoint, for Pius XI uses the term "social justice" in both senses.

How does social justice, as a virtue, help men to promote and preserve the common good?

In the same way as the law of self-preservation helps a man to promote and preserve his bodily health; and that is, in two ways: directly and indirectly.

How does social justice help a man promote the common good "directly"?

By helping him do those things which will most immediately procure general security in society; just as the law of self-preservation urges a man e.g. to eat and drink, and thus directly preserve life; so social justice prompts e.g. capital and labor to share the *profits* of a business in such a way as to procure security and freedom from financial worry not only for capital, but also for labor.

How does social justice help a man promote the common good "indirectly"?

By helping him to practice *other virtues*, by means of which general security will be attained; just as the law of self-preservation may urge a man to take up some intellectual study of medicine, or to practice the rules of some game, such as golf or tennis, by means of which his health will be promoted; so social justice urges men e.g. to the virtue of commutative justice—keep just contracts, pay just

wages; or to the virtue of charity — almsgiving, liberality; — by means of which general security, — the common good — will be promoted in society.

As a virtue, does social justice affect rulers or subjects?

According to the doctrine of St. Thomas, it is a virtue for both rulers and subjects, but in a different way for each; rulers are the "architects," he says, of the common good — i.e., by their work of "directing, overseeing, stimulating, restraining"; and subjects are the "administrators" of the common good.

What evidence is there that Pius XI uses the term "social justice" to mean either "the common good" or the virtue which helps men promote the common good?

Pius XI uses the term "social justice" in eight places in "The Fortieth Year." In most cases, he seems to be taking it as the virtue; especially in one reference to "social justice and the common good," at the beginning of chapter Three: the word "and" indicates that he is there taking "social justice" as a virtue distinct from "the common good." But at the end of this section on "Capital and Labor" he speaks of "social justice or the common good" — indicating clearly that in this place he takes them as meaning the same thing.

Have Catholic authors been agreed on the meaning of the term "social justice"?

No; there have been various opinions; but the best authorities — among them the "Code Social" and the "Osservatore Romano," — taking it as a virtue, describe it as the virtue which helps men promote the common good. As has been shown, Pius XI takes it (as a virtue) in this sense; and therefore gives what may be called "the official Catholic concept" of the virtue of social justice.

Is social justice a new virtue?

"Social justice" is a new name for an old virtue — called by St. Thomas "legal justice" or "general justice." Pius XI in "The Fortieth Year" never once uses the old term "legal justice"; instead, he gives the name "social justice" to what St. Thomas would have called "legal justice," and would have described just as we have described the virtue of "social justice."

Later on in "The Fortieth Year," Pius XI says that "the mutual relations between capital and labor must be determined according to the laws of the strictest justice, called "commutative justice"; here he says they must be guided by "social justice"; how reconcile these statements?

It is not difficult to reconcile them, remembering the similarity of the virtue of social justice for the body politic with the law of self-preservation at times commands a man to keep other laws for his health's sake, — e.g., it commands him to obey his doctor, to mortify his hunger and thirst, to engage in manual exercise or labor; in a similar manner the virtue of social justice at times induces men to practice other virtues for the common good's sake; it induces them to practice almsgiving, beneficence, good government and many other virtues; and in the relations of capital and labor especially, it commands them to practice commutative justice: i.e., social justice commands the employer to pay a living, family wage; and commands the workingman to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

Has social justice, then, in this matter of capital and labor, any direct object of its own?

Yes; social justice, after commanding employers and workingmen to practice commutative justice in regard to wages and work, commands them directly of itself to divide the profits of the business in such a way as to serve not merely the needs of the employer, but the "needs of all" — i.e., the common good.

Catholic Anecdotes



UNFORGETTABLE

The story is told of a poor Catholic boy in London who was picking up what instruction he could get in reading and writing by attending one of the so-called ragged schools in London. It is said that on some occasion or other, a Protestant Bishop and other Anglican clergymen came to the school to examine the scholars, and that this boy was asked if he could say his prayers.

He began at once to repeat the Our Father, for which he was duly praised, and then went on (as any well instructed child would not fail to do) to recite the "Hail Mary."

But here his reverend examiners interrupted him, exclaiming:

"Oh no, not that; we don't want to hear anything at all about her. Can't you say something else?"

The boy did as he was bid, left the Angelical Salutation unfinished, and began the Apostles' Creed.

This time it was his turn to stop. He broke off in the middle of the second article 'and in Jesus Christ Our Lord,' and asked for further instructions.

"What am I to do now, Sir? For here she comes again!"

"IRREFUTABLE"

Father Michael Earls, in his delightful volume "Manuscripts and Memories" tells the following story of Father Francis Glynn, taken from his days as a seminarian.

One afternoon at the Seminary at Troy he received news of his beloved mother's serious illness, and he rushed for the train to Boston. Entirely absorbed in prayerful hopes that his mother would be spared, he was not in a disposition to converse with a stranger beside him in the car. Moreover he had noticed that the man held on his lap a packet of pamphlets by the notorious Robert G. Ingersoll.

"Would you care to have some of these pamphlets?" the stranger asked in a kindly tone.

"No, thank you," the seminarian replied. "I do not relish Bob Ingersoll."

"And may I ask why?" queried the other, yet not with a tone of combat.

"If you will pardon me," said the young cleric, "my thoughts just now are entirely concerned with my invalid mother, to whose bedside I am hastening."

Then after a polite pause the stranger resumed his speech: "Pardon me. May I ask if you are a priest." He had noted the Roman collar.

"Not yet," replied the seminarian; "but I expect to be ordained about three years from now."

"I wish to congratulate you," added the stranger. And after a pause, he made a little speech, with deliberate clauses. "The Roman Catholic Church! . . . It speaks out fearlessly, . . . accurate and assured . . . its position is irrefutable . . ."

Gathering his pamphlets, as he made ready to descend at Springfield, he leaned forward to take the hand of the young student, and whispered as he turned:

"I am Bob Ingersoll. I bid you every success."

THE ARTIST'S SERMON

St. Methodius was a painter, and his art was the means of converting King Bogoris of Bulgaria and through him many of his subjects.

St. Methodius, with his brother, St. Cyril, had come to the court of the king, seeking to make known the Gospel and to enlighten the king and his people unto faith. However, as soon as the king learned that Methodius was an artist, he commissioned him to decorate the wall of a large room with hunting pictures, because that was his favorite pastime. The saint accepted the work, on one condition: that the king would not visit the room until he had finished his work. The king readily agreed.

After some time, St. Methodius announced that he had completed the painting. The king hurried to the room with joyous anticipation.

At the door, however, he stood fixed in awe. Instead of pictures of the hunt—of dogs and horses and game—the saint had covered the wall with a realistic picture of the Last Judgment at the moment when Our Lord turns to those on His left and says: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire!"

The picture made so deep an impression on the king that he took instructions and later allowed himself to be baptized.

Pointed Paragraphs

HEART SPEAKETH UNTO HEART

Body and soul is man, and what he loves with his soul, he has need of representing in some way through the powers given to his body. God, Who created man to love Him, fulfilled his need of some bodily grasp of his highest object by becoming Man: in becoming Man He gave sensible representation to many of the infinite attributes of His nature, that man might see them, and seeing, love and adore.

It is according to a universal instinct of man to see in the heart of the God-Man a symbol of His infinite love. That is why devotion to the Sacred Heart is so easy and spontaneous — it is fitted to our human nature as sunshine and rain are fitted to the absorbing powers of the flower and the tree.

But this devotion is endeared to us still more when we know the nature of the heresy it destroyed. In some form it has always been practiced, wherever the true humanity of Christ was cherished and adored. But it came to its present fullness and strength, by overcoming one of the most terrifying heresies in history — that of Jansenism.

The Jansenists claimed that man should remain in awed and fearful reverence at a distance from God. He should approach only with terror; should receive Holy Communion no more than once or at most a few times a year; should not dare to think familiarly of God, or to speak to Him intimately, or to love Him as a friend is loved. The unnaturalness of all these strictures drove many from religion altogether; warped others unto scrupulosity; and took all joy and gladness out of the sincerest service of God.

At the height of the Jansenistic terrorism, God inspired the world-wide cultivation of devotion to the Sacred Heart. This devotion taught men to concentrate their gaze upon the infinite love of the Saviour; to look upon Him as a friend, to serve Him in joy and gladness out of love; to approach Him as fondly and frequently as the unspoiled child whose love moves it to dwell serenely in the sunshine of its mother's smile.

It is a real incentive to the practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart

to know that it has saved us from so blighting a deterioration of the true religion of Christ. But today it must also save us from another danger: that of indifference, of apathy, of impersonal coldness in our practices of religion. It shall fulfill this epochal task if we recognize in the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Redeemer, a heart in all things like our own (except sin): longing for companionship, rejoicing in friendship, rewarding its lovers after the eternal fashion of real love.

"IRRITATED PATIENTS"

The weekly news magazine, *Time*, recently stated that in many a U. S. hospital the clergy are not welcome unless patients so request, because patients are irritated by tactics that seem little better than spiritual ambulance chasing.

Most priests have had experience of irritated hospital officials over the visits of the clergy: few have experience of "irritated patients." The editors of *Time*, as well as anyone who knows the psychology of the sick, can see that it is purely ignorant prejudice that inspires the opposition of some hospital staffs to the visits of the clergy.

It is ignorance, because physicians who know their work, almost unanimously recognize the effect of the Sacraments, especially confession, even in a natural sense, upon both body and mind. As the Editor of the *Christian Family* points out, many modern psychologists and physicians have spoken the highest praise for confession. The eminent French physicians, Raymond and Janet, have said that confession might have been invented by a doctor, who had much experience with psychically sick people. Dr. Fiessinger said: "It is absolutely certain that in all states of mental depression confession works like a healing balm, that makes the feeling of anxiety disappear and revives faded hopes." In all illnesses, experience abundantly proves that confession and the Sacraments truly work like a balm.

If it is not ignorance that blocks priests from visiting patients in non-Catholic hospitals, it can only be prejudice. This can be seen in the eyes and manner of the obstructionists. It is true, now and then a patient may be irritated by the visit of a priest, but in the majority of even these cases the irritation soon changes to peace and confidence and joy. And only a depraved mind can see any comparison between seeking to assist and comfort souls in a spiritual way to "ambulance chasing."

However, the statement of *Time*, and the facts behind it are the strongest possible argument for the choice of Catholic hospitals on the part of Catholic patients.

HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE

In a recent issue the *Catholic Herald-Citizen* of Milwaukee featured an interview with eight Milwaukee married couples, all of whom had celebrated their golden wedding anniversaries. Questions had been asked, and the couples stated, for the benefit of the younger generation, their seasoned principles regarding married life.

One of the questions asked was this: Is it possible to live together 50 years without a quarrel? The unanimous answer was in the negative, with comments as follows:

No. That's part of life.

No. Arguments are bound to come.

No. Lots of small ones.

No. True love never runs smooth.

No. But they're over before they begin.

No. But true love patches them up.

No. Quarrel but make up quickly.

No. But they're soon forgotten.

Couples preparing for marriage today should study those answers, absorb them, nail them over the door of their new home. Then they might go on to the second lesson, to be learned by the answers given to the following question: What is the first rule for wedded happiness? The golden jubilarians answered as follows:

Ability to sacrifice your will — often.

Hard work and a will to agree.

A sincere love will overcome obstacles.

Patience and overlooking faults.

Work hand in hand and divide all troubles.

A spirit of sacrifice.

Patience.

A spirit of willing cooperation.

The mellow wisdom of long lives is packed into those answers, no matter how trite the expressions may be. If the principles thus laid down could be learned by all couples as they enter the state of marriage, divorce would be rendered impossible, and happiness would be increased a hundred fold.

LIGURIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE HEART OF JESUS

He who shows himself loveable in everything must of necessity make himself loved. Oh, if we

From "Novena to the Sacred Heart"

only sought to discover all the qualities by which Jesus

Christ renders himself worthy of our love, we should all be forced to give him our love. What heart among all hearts can be found more worthy of love than the Heart of Jesus?

In Jesus is found everything that can awaken love in a human heart. Some are drawn to love others by their beauty, others by their innocence, others by companionship, others by devotion. But if there were a person in whom all these reasons were united, could anyone help loving him? If we heard that there was in a distant country a prince who was handsome, humble, courageous, devout, full of charity, affable to all, who rendered good to those who did evil to him; then, although we knew not who he was, and though he knew not us, and though there were no possibility of our ever becoming personally acquainted with him, still we would be spontaneously moved to love him. How is it possible, then, that Jesus Christ, who possesses in himself all these virtues, and in most perfect degree, and who loves us so tenderly, how is it possible that he should be so little loved by men, and should not be the only object of our love?

O my God, how is it that Jesus, who alone is worthy of love, and who has given us so many proofs of the love that he bears us, should

be alone, as it were, the unfortunate one among us, who cannot awaken love as if he were not sufficiently worthy of our love! This is what caused floods of tears to St. Rose of Lima, St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Teresa, St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, who, on considering the ingratitude of men, exclaimed, weeping, "Love is not loved. love is not loved!"

PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART

O adorable heart of my Jesus, heart inflamed with the love of men, heart created on purpose to love them, how is it possible that Thou canst be despised, and Thy love so ill corresponded to by men? Oh, miserable that I am, I also have been one of those ungrateful ones that have not loved Thee. Forgive me, my Jesus, this great sin of not having loved Thee, who are so amiable, and who hast loved me so much that Thou canst do nothing more to oblige me to love Thee. I feel that I deserve to be condemned not to be able to love Thee, for having renounced Thy love, as I have hitherto done. But no, my dearest Saviour, give me any punishment, but do not inflict this one upon me. Grant me the grace to love Thee, and then give me any affliction Thou plearest. But how can I fear such a chastisement, whilst I feel that Thou continuest to give me the sweet, the consoling precept of loving Thee, my Lord and my God? Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. Yes, O my God, Thou wouldst be loved by me, and I will love Thee; indeed I will love none but Thee, who hast loved me so much.

Book Reviews

THEOLOGY

God—His Existence and Nature. A Thomistic Solution of Certain Agnostic Antinomies.

Volume II. By the Rev. Reginald Garrigou-Lagarange, O.P., S.T.M. Translated

from the fifth French edition by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D. Published by B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo., 1936. vi-576 pages. Price, net \$4.00.

The first volume of this work (see *LIGUORIAN*, November 1935) dealt with the validity and the exposition of the proofs for the Existence of God, with special emphasis on the validity of such proofs. The second volume completes the treatise by examining the nature of God. The problem of the metaphysical essence of God is first disposed of, rather summarily, perhaps, to allow the author to proceed to the attributes where antinomies and difficulties abound. More than one hundred and fifty pages are devoted to the explanation of the attributes, seventy five to the reconciliation of the attributes, and over one hundred to the special difficulty of harmonizing freedom with the various attributes. A chapter on the Ineffability of God, and four appendices and some other notes complete the book.

The volume before us is a good example of the fundamental sounding of metaphysical thought. The reasonings contained in the second article of the third chapter dealing with the philosophical mystery in the identification of the absolute perfections of God are profoundly solid. In his explanation of analogy he gives a distinct contribution in that he goes far towards unifying various opinions of analogy in relation to God and thus solidifies the front of Catholic theology against agnosticism. Students will be particularly grateful for the various graphs and divisions, particularly that of analogy (p. 208). One might be tempted to look for sharp controversy in this volume, and particularly in the chapter dealing with freedom. But you will not find it and will be pleased to read the graceful and truly sincere statement by

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

the author: "It is with regret that we here insist upon the differences between the theological schools. We are averse to entering into the theological controversies; they have been too long, too violent, at times, too human. Have we not in these days, enough common enemies against whom we must unite for the defence of the faith and the good of souls?" (p. 246).

The volume contains a good index covering both volumes. One might suggest, however, that the publishers should have made the volumes more compact in format, since the works of Father Garrigou will endure for a long time and will be standard references in theological and philosophical courses. — P. J. E.

DEVOTION

Pray for Us. A Collection of Prayers for Various Occasions Compiled by the Very Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. Published by Kenedy, 160 pages. Price, \$1.00.

Most people find their prayers growing dry and sterile at times, a condition which indicates the need of new forms of prayer to arouse the soul. Father Burke has gathered a large number of prayers, many of them little known but beautifully composed, and has arranged them under appropriate headings according to the purpose of each. A glance through the index will reveal that there is a large number of persons and intentions for which we should pray but as a matter of fact do not, so that the book will become both a reminder and a means of prayer. An illuminating summary on the doctrine of indulgences and their use prefaces the booklet. — D. F. M.

The Missal for Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year. According to the latest decrees, with Benediction, Vespers, Compline and a Collection of Prayers. Published by C. Wildermann Co., New York. Price, 20 cents; 18 cents in lots of 100.

The first thing to be noted and emphasized about this Sunday Missal is its price; it sells for 20 cents—a remark-

ably low price which makes it possible for even the poorest to obtain a copy, and for societies and groups and even schools to provide it for all their members and pupils. It has added features besides its low cost and faithful presentation of the exact liturgy of the Sunday and festive Masses. Sunday Vespers and Compline are included with English and Latin in parallel columns, and Liturgical prayers for Confession, Communion, private devotion, etc. Because of its small, compact form, the book can be inconspicuously carried. In a spirit of genuine enthusiasm we congratulate the publishers and recommend it to Catholics, all of whom are prospective lovers of the Missal.

—D. F. M.

Calvary and the Mass. By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Kenedy. 112 pages. Price, \$1.00.

With all his usual richness of imagery and wealth of analogy, Msgr. Sheen compares the progress of the Mass to the progress of Our Lord's three hours' agony on the cross as it was marked by His seven last words. These are the sermons preached by Msgr. Sheen on the Catholic Hour for the Lenten season of 1936, and we have no doubt that many who heard them will want not only to read but to study and ponder them in their written form. The sermon on the Consecration of the Mass is in particular an exquisite exposition of the subject, with strikingly apt and beautiful applications. Few can remain entirely cold and unmoved at Holy Mass who have read and absorbed these glowing sermons.

—D. F. M.

ON MEXICO

Mexico. Text of Decree on Nationalization of Property. Appeal of the Bishops of Mexico. Pamphlet published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C. 47 pages. Price, 10c.

The Decree which is here translated, is the Decree approved and promulgated by General Lazaro Cardenas, President of Mexico, August 31, 1935. It was a very happy thought that made the N. C. W. C. publish this Decree. Nothing could give us so authentic assurance of the persecution in Mexico. Some have said there is no persecution; here is the record. This Decree means the destruction of religion, religious worship, religious institutions. It contradicts the very Constitution of Mexico; it violates every inalienable right of the citizens of the Re-

public. It is called law; it is a document of hate.

The Decree is followed by a Brief in Protest written by Edward Pallares, an attorney in Mexico, which points out in detail some of the inhuman articles of the Decree.

Finally we have William F. Montavon's translation of the Appeal of the Bishops of Mexico to the President of the Republic. It is a dignified statement of the grievances of the Catholics as citizens, for it shows the flagrant violations of the Constitution of the Republic contained in the Decree. This pamphlet ought to be read by everyone. —A. T. Z.

Mexican Bishops' Pastoral: liberty for the Church; Work of the Church for Social Betterment. Pamphlet published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, Washington, D. C. 38 pages. Price, 10c.

This joint pastoral signed by all the Bishops of Mexico was issued almost simultaneously with the Decree of Nationalization of Property. It reveals still more clearly the injustice and the suicidal character of the Decree. For here we have a documented statement of the benefits conferred on Mexico in the past by the Church. And here we have the aims of the Hierarchy stated clearly. This is so to speak a charter of liberty. It convicts the present government and its Decree of downright and premeditated persecution and destruction of religion. —A. T. Z.

SCIENCE AND CULTURE

Gentle Ireland. By Hugh de Blacam. Science and Culture Series. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 183 pages. Price, \$2.00.

De Blacam's name is well known to English readers, perhaps most widely because of his "Book of the Month"—*The Flying Cromlech*. In this brief volume he presents light, sketchy pen pictures of scenes and persons and customs in Ireland, with a dip here and there into her history and traditions and a word or two of her literature. He writes as the warm-hearted lover of his land, with a clear lucid style that is refreshing. The book is in no way critical or interpretive, even when the author touches on the writers of his land, and seems a little sketchy in many places. However it is a genuine tribute, genuinely deserved, and reveals in all its images the Catholic heart of Erin. —D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

His Holiness, Pius XI, solemnly inaugurated the World Catholic Press Exposition in Vatican City on May 12th. In deep earnestness he declared that the Catholic Press had acquired a place of primary merit in God's Holy Church, and while applauding and blessing the authors of the exposition, he issued a fervent warning and appeal to all the peoples of the world against godless communism. In explaining his appeal, he said that the Church does not usurp what belongs to politics, but added that she cannot admit that politics exclude morals. He remarked with sadness on the absence of exhibits from Russia and Germany, where in violation of all justice and through an effort artificially to identify religion and politics, the Catholic Press is not wanted. "To both of these countries," he added, "We send our sorrowful greetings and We hold them in loving memory."

The Catholic Press Association of the United States held its annual convention, which was at the same time its Silver Jubilee Convention, at the Deshler-Wallick Hotel in Columbus, Ohio, May 28, 29, 30. The convention was attended by several members of the hierarchy and an unusual number of delegates from papers and magazines in all parts of the country.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians celebrated on Saturday and Sunday, May 2nd and 3rd, the centenary of its establishment in America. The anniversary was commemorated throughout the country, but especially in New York, the city of its birth. The mother society in Ireland dates back to 1565, when young Irishmen bound themselves in Friendship, Unity and Christian Charity to defend and protect their priests in the bitter persecuton of the English, to stand guard while Mass was being secretly celebrated. The centenary was observed in New York by a solemn Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral at which Cardinal Hayes congratulated the members for their loyalty to Church and country, and at which Bishop James A. Griffin of Springfield, Ill., preached on "The Spiritual Mission of the A. O. H." At a banquet at the Hotel Astor, Governor Curley of Massachusetts was the principal speaker. A feature of the celebration was the unveiling of a bronze memorial tablet on the wall of St. Patrick's Cathedral in memory of the defense of that edifice by the Hibernians against the Know-Nothing riots of 1844.

The National Laymen's Retreat Conference, with headquarters in Chicago, has begun the publication of the *Bulletin*, a quarterly paper for the promotion of the Retreat movement. The paper reports news of retreats held, and inspirational and instructional features on retreats. The 2nd number reports plans for the National Conference of the Retreat movement which is to be held at Chicago, June 27th and 28th. Headquarters of the *Bulletin* are at 1731 Conway Building, Chicago, Ill.

Leading Catholic musicians of America attended the biennial convention of the Society of St. Gregory of America which opened May 28th in New York. The progress of liturgical music was discussed from every angle by both lay and

THE LIGURIAN

clerical authorities from the United States and Canada. Liturgical functions in connection with the convention were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Rev. Wilfred Parsons, S.J., has retired as editor of the weekly Catholic review, *America*, to devote his time entirely to writing books and other forms of Catholic publicity work. He has been succeeded by the *Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J.*, who up to this time has been literary editor of *America*.

Miss Helen Mae Collentine, 15 years old, student at Messmer Catholic High School, Milwaukee, has been awarded the Gorgas medal for the best essay in a field of more than 18,000 entries from junior and senior students in more than 1,000 high schools and academies throughout the country. This is the third time in four years that a Catholic high school has produced a winner of the medal, the second time for Messmer high school in Milwaukee. The award brings the winner a prize of \$500 and \$200 for expenses of a trip to Washington to receive the medal from the President.

The Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada will hold its annual convention in the Fifth Regiment Armory at Baltimore, Md., from June 15th to June 19th. The theme of the convention will be "Unanimity of Action on the Part of the Several Catholic Organizations in the Health Field," and with this in mind, the Hospital Association has invited and received the enthusiastic acceptance of the Federated Catholic Physicians' Guild, the Catholic Medical Mission Board and the National Catholic Federation of Nurses, to hold their conventions in Baltimore at the same time and in the same hall. All major hospital problems will thus be brought under consideration at the same convention.

The Marquette League of New York has made public a report showing that during the past year the league has sent \$50,000 to the Indians in the Southwest and to Alaska for missionary purposes. The Marquette League has a small but very active membership.

Places:

Throughout the *United States* the joint anniversaries of the publication of the two great social encyclicals, — the 45th of *Rerum Novarum* and the 5th of *Quadragesimo Anno* — were celebrated by special radio, press and pulpit commentaries on and about May 15th. In many dioceses, mass meetings were held with approval of the Ordinaries, and special speakers on social welfare and economics delivered public addresses.

In *New York*, Governor Lehman signed the Senate bill amending the education law to make bus transportation available to Catholic school children as well as those attending public schools. The bill had previously been unanimously passed by both houses. At the last session of the legislature a similar bill had been unanimously passed but was vetoed at the very end of the session by the Governor. This year's bill was changed in some minor features to meet the objections the Governor had made.

The whole Catholic World contributed during 1935 \$4,080,000 to the missionary work of Holy See, it has been announced to the Holy Father by Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. This total was \$80,000 greater than the contributions of the previous year, and of the total, the United States contributed \$760,000, the largest amount given by any single country.

Lucid Intervals

The traffic officer says you got sarcastic with him."

"But I didn't intend to be. He talked to me like my wife does and I forgot myself and answered, 'Yes dear!'"

*

A bore is someone who, when you ask him how he is, tells you.

*

An old farmer, entering his favorite bar, found that the usual barmaid had been replaced by a stranger. He was nonplussed at first, but gallantly told her that she was "the best looking bit of stuff he had seen for a long time." The new barmaid was haughty, tossed her head, and replied acidly that she was "sorry she couldn't return the compliment."

"Oh, well, dear," the old man answered placidly, "couldn't you have done as I did? Couldn't you have told a lie?"

*

If there is one time more than another when a woman should be left alone, it's when a line of clothes comes down in the mud.

*

A lady's wrist watch having been lost in the pew the previous Sunday, the vicar announced that the owner could have it by applying at the vestry. He then gave out Hymn No. 362 (Ancient and Modern), reading the first line: "Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping."

*

Young wife: "Do you like this pie, darling?"

Young husband: "It's delicious, sweetheart. Did you buy it all by yourself?"

*

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of the George and Dragon. "D'yer think yer could spare me one."

"Certainly not," replied the landlady. "Thank yer," said the tramp and slouched off; but a few minutes later he was back.

"What do you want now," asked the landlady.

"Could I have a few words with George," queried the tramp.

The doctor's five-year-old answered the call at the door.

"Is the doctor in?" inquired the caller.

"No, sir."

"Have you any idea when he will be back?"

"I don't know, sir—he went out on an eternity case."

*

"Your wife is talking of going to France this summer. Have you any objections?"

"No, certainly not. Let her talk."

*

He had been looking over the Christmas cards on the counter for sometime when the saleswoman suggested: "Here's a lovely sentiment: 'To the Only Girl I Ever Loved'."

"That's fine," he said, brightening. "I'll take five—no, six of those, please."

*

A lady had advertised for a girl for general housework, and was showing an applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promises of privileges—afternoons off, evenings out, and so on—and it looked as though the two were about to come to some agreement when the girl, suddenly asked: "Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the new girl.

"I don't understand."

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl a second time. "Do you put all the food on the table at dinner and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it around?"

*

Brunette: "I'm Mr. Jones' wife!"

Blonde: "I'm Mr. Jones' secretary."

Brunette (icily): "Oh, were you?"

*

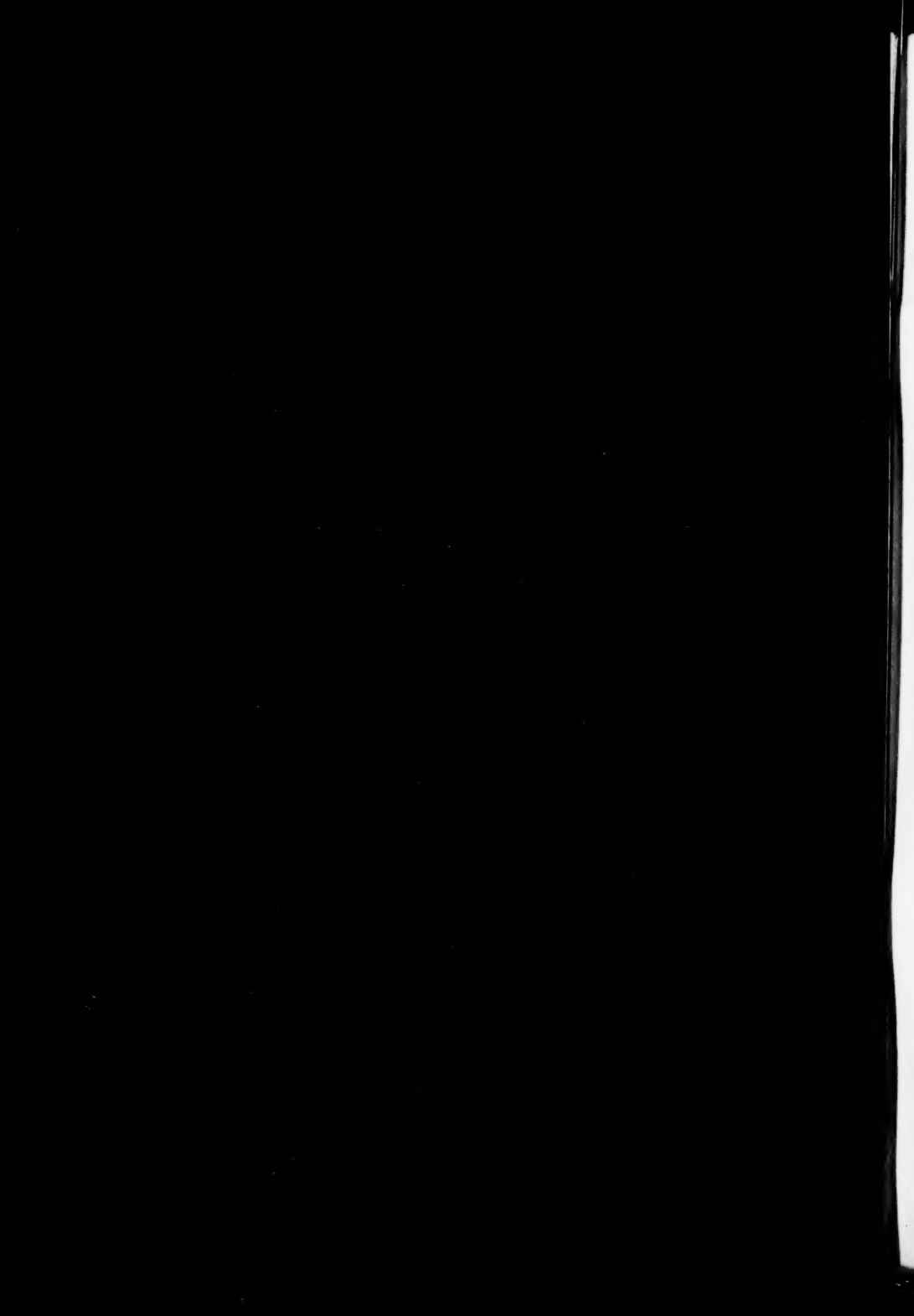
We've all heard about the absent-minded professor, but what about the young lady who put her corsage bouquet on ice and wore the fresh halibut to the dance?

*

Punster: "Have you heard the new locksmith's song?"

Victim: "No, I'll bet it's a peep!"

Punster: Latch keys and make up.



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* * *

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* * *

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Alles Weg'n Dem Hund (German)	Feud of the West For the Service "F. P. I. antwortet nicht" (German)	The Pride of the Marines Professional Soldier Re Burlone (Italian)
Alte Kameraden	The Garden Murder Case	The Red River Valley
And So They Were Married	Gentle Julia	The Return of Jimmy Valentine
Annette Im Paradies (German)	Give Us This Night	The Revolt of the Zombies
Avenging Waters	The Great Impersonation	Rhodes, Empire Builder
Blazing Justice	Hair-Trigger Casey	Ridin' On
Bohemian Girl	The Harvester	Roaring Guns
The Border Caballero	Here Comes Trouble	Rogue's Tavern
Border Flight	Heroes of the Range	The Royal Waltz (German)
Born to Fight	House of a Thousand	Sans Famille
Boulder Dam	Silly Billies	Schwarzwaldmaedel
Brides Are Like That	I'll Love You Always	The Singing Kid
The Call of the Prairie	The Kid Ranger	The Singing Vagabond
Captain January	King of the Pecos	Skull and Crown
Charlie Chan at the Circus	Laughing Irish Eyes	The Sky Parade
Cloîtres de Femmes	Lawless Border	Song and Dance Man
"Comin' 'Round the Mountain"	The Leathernecks Have Landed	Special Investigator Speed
The Country Beyond	Let's Sing Again	Sundown Saunders
The Cowboy and the Kid	Liebe und Trompetenklang (German)	Sons o' Guns
Crime Patrol	The Life of Louis Pasteur	Sutter's Gold
The Dancing Pirate	Little Lord Fauntleroy	Tale of Two Cities
Das Schloss im Sueden	Little Miss Nobody	Taming the Wild
Der Adjutant seiner Hoheit	The Little Red School House	Tempo Massimo (Italian)
Der Himmel Auf Erden	Love on a Bet	Thirteen Hours by Air
Der Vetter Aus Dingfda	Lucky Terror	Three Godfathers
Desert Gold	Message to Garcia	Three Live Ghosts
Desert Justice	Midsummer Night's Dream	Three on the Trail
Desert Phantom	The Milky Way	Three Wise Guys
The Devil's Squadron	Millionaire Kid	Till We Meet Again
Don Bosco	Modern Times	Timothy's Quest
Donogoo Tonka (German)	Murder on the Bridle Path	Too Many Parents
Don't Gamble With Love	Music Goes Round and Round	Too Much Beef
Don't Get Personal	Mysteries of Notre Dame Nevada	Tough Guy
Drel Kaiserjager	Oberwachtmeister O'Malley of the Mounted	Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Drift Fence	Panic on the Air	Treachery Rides the Range
Ein Ganzer Kerl	Pasteur (French Version)	Two in Revolt
Everybody's Old Man	The Preview Murder Mystery	Wildcat Saunders
The Ex-Mrs. Bradford	The Prisoner of Shark Island	Woman Trap
The F Man		Yellow Dust
Farmer in the Dell		Young Love (Czech)
Fast Bullets		
The Fatal Lady		
Federal Agent		